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THOUGHTS OF PEACE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

A. L. R.

1. Poetry, American.

THOUGHTS OF PEACE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

A. E. R.

1906

FRED. KELKER

HARRISBURG, PA

994262A

PREFACE.

This little book of poems is published by request of many readers of "Kingdom Tidings," in which paper the poems have appeared from month to month for the last ten years, and for which the most of them were specially written.

Next to the assurances of the Lord himself in Isa. lv: 11, Jer. 1: 12, R. V., "My word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it," and "I watch over my word to perform it," there is no greater inspiration to a teacher of the Word of God than a meekly, receptive hearer. Even the Lord Jesus greatly appreciated such hearers for He said to His Father: "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me, and they have received them." (John xvii: 8.) While there are many such in all the Bible Classes and in my own congregation, the gifted authoress of these poems has by His special grace here reproduced many of the messages from His Word which reached her own heart, and in this form passed them on to the several thousand readers of "Kingdom Tidings" in all the world.

She has been cheered and encouraged by many words of gratitude, and it is our earnest prayer that He who gave the messages may still more abundantly bless them by leading those who read into a whole-hearted desire to KNOW HIM AND TO MAKE HIM KNOWN.

She already has a missionary interest in Japan, China, India, Africa and the Islands of the Sea, and all proceeds from this book will be wholly devoted to missions.

May God be increasingly glorified.

D. M. STEARNS.

Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 7, 1906.

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Thoughts of Peace and Other Poems.

"Unto Him."

Rev. 1:5, 6; Jude 24; Eph. iii:20; 2 Cor. v:15.

Unto Him who loved and washed us
From our sins in His own blood;
And hath made us heirs of glory,
Kings and priests unto our God.

Unto Him who can from stumbling
Guard our footsteps all the way;
And present us spotless, faultless,
With great joy, above, some day.

Unto Him whose power is able
So to do for you and me;
Above all we think, or ask for,
Exceeding, abundantly.

Unto Him be endless glory,
He has died for all who sin;
That we, living, should live henceforth,
Not to self, but *unto Him.*

Thoughts of Peace.

Jeremiah xxix: 11.

Why am I ever troubled? Why do I ever fear?
Since I've a heavenly Father all powerful and near!
He speaks in loving kindness, and bids life's turmoil cease:
"I know My thoughts toward you, and they are thoughts of peace."

Though I so often grieve Him, His patient, gentle love
Pleads tenderly and kindly and bids me look above;
He longeth so to give me from every care release,
His thoughts are not of evil, His thoughts are thoughts of peace.

Though I am poor and needy, He thinketh still of me;
He never can forsake me, no matter what I be;
The light He sheds upon me will ever show increase,
Until the cloudless morning, because His thoughts are peace.

He's thinking of the glory, the rich reward in store,
The crown and the inheritance reserved for evermore;
'Tis now that He is fitting me for joys that ne'er shall end,
And all His dealings only prove that He's a faithful Friend.

Oh, may I dwell forever within God's secret place,
Beholding all His beauty, His glory and His grace;
Where nought can harm nor vex me, and my vain thoughts all cease,
Until at length like His they be, sweet blessed thoughts of peace.

"Altogether Lovely."

Solomon's Song v: 16.

"He is altogether lovely, my Beloved and my Friend,"
Strange that ever He should love me, strange that He should condescend
To redeem and bless a sinner, and to dwell with him on earth—
He, the Lord of light and glory, spotless, pure, of heavenly birth.

"He is altogether lovely," perfect, faultless, free from guile,
Yet withal so kind and tender, holy, harmless, undefiled;
Patient when I sorely grieve Him, loving when I go astray,
Bearing with me, teaching, training, guiding me from day to day.

"He is altogether lovely," I would gaze and gaze at Him,
Losing sight of earth's attractions, losing sight of self and sin:
Looking only unto Jesus, growing more like Him to be,
Till I bear His glorious image through a glad eternity.

"He is altogether lovely," He is coming, we shall see
Him in all His matchless splendor, and with Him and like Him be:
Blessed hope our hearts to gladden, we'll behold our Saviour's face,
And be satisfied, enraptured, with His beauty and His grace.

Afterward.

Hebrews xii: 11.

I am waiting, Lord, to see
What Thine afterward shall be;
What new joy or glad surprise,
Or what blessing shall arise—
Since Thou'st promised, I believe,
And am waiting to receive.

Will it, blessed Saviour, be
Greater grace and purity?
More of dross consumed, that I
May Thy longings satisfy;
That at length the gold may shine
With a lustre all divine?

Thou hast chastened, Thou wilt heal,
Sure I am that Thou dost feel,
And that every loss and pain
Only means eternal gain;
So I rest upon Thy word,
For I know Thee faithful, Lord.

Now there is no seeming good,
Much cannot be understood,
But sometime, perhaps e'er long,
There will be a glad new song;
When Thy plans shall all unfold,
Showing kindness manifold.

So I'm waiting, Lord, to see
What Thine afterward shall be;
And would thank Thee now meanwhile
That Thou dost not leave Thy child,
But by chastening dost prove
That Thou hast a Father's love.

All in His Hand.

Genesis xxxix: 2-6.

He put all he had into Joseph's hand, and we read he left it there;
And Joseph was prospered because the Lord was with him everywhere;
So his master's house, and his master's field, and all that he had was blessed,
For he had put all into Joseph's hand, to do with it what was best.

Just here is a lesson we all may learn, 'twill help us from day to day,
Will glorify God, will give us rest, and brighten our future way:
'Tis yield ourselves unto Christ our Lord, and let Him have the control,
Just make Him the ruler of all we have, that He may manage the whole.

Put everything into Jesus' hand, and with trust then leave it there;
The great and the small in our daily lives, each trial, and cross, and care;
And we'll find He will do as we cannot, for we're blind and weak at best;
He will make our lives what they ought to be, and we will be truly blest.

But let us not think this step will give us exemption from pain and trial,
It will bring God's blessing on all we have, and will give us peace the while;
And we shall see how in everything He works and we just abide;
An instrument ready and used of Him, and God will be glorified.

"As for God, His Way is Perfect.

Psalm xviii: 30.

"As for God, His way is perfect,"
Let Him have His perfect way;
Let Him do with thee as seemeth
Good to Him from day to day:
Thou canst trace His loving kindness,
Shown to thee throughout the past;
How He lead in tender mercy
All thy years unto the last.

"As for God, His way is perfect,"
Thou hast always found it so;
He hath kept His watch upon thee,
For thy safety to and fro:
When thy foot had well nigh stumbled,
Then His mercy held thee up;
When thy lips were parched with fever,
Then with grace He filled thy cup.

"As for God, His way is perfect,"
Though thou canst not understand
All that He for thee is doing,
All that He for thee hath planned.
But be sure His plan is working
To a grand and perfect whole;
Trust Him, for His love is boundless,
And He careth for thy soul.

"As for God, His way is perfect,
And He'll perfect all thy way,"
If in faith and full obedience
Thou wilt yield to Him each day;
Trust Him for whatever cometh,
For the future, veiled to thee;
And what now may seem mysterious
Some day thou shalt clearly see

"As for God, His way is perfect,
And He'll perfect all thy way,"
Make thy life a glad, sweet anthem:
So say unto Him to-day—
"Father, keep me, teach me, use me;
May I for Thy glory shine,
For Thy will and way are perfect,
And thy will and way are mine."

"A Little While."

Hebrews x: 37.

"A little while," and He will come, we cannot tell how short a time,
Till we shall see Him face to face, and be like Him, oh, truth sublime!
He will not tarry long away, He hastes to take us to His home,
And we in glad expectancy say, "Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

"A little while," and He will come; meanwhile we work, and watch, and wait,
Trusting to Him to use His own. The time is short, the hour is late;
We would not loiter or be weak, but strong and brave to do or bear,
Knowing that if we faithful prove this little while, His joy we'll share.

Can we not watch one little hour; can we not patiently endure,
In hope of all the future brings, since our reward is great and sure?
'Tis only for a little while that faith and patience will be tried,
Then we who suffer now with Him shall with our Lord be glorified.

"A little while," for service here; "a little while" for grief and pain;
"A little while," then glory dawns, and our Beloved comes again.
Then joy for every sorrow now, then recompense for every trial;
Then rest, and home, and love, and bliss, for us beyond this "little while."

"An Hedge on Every Side."

Job i: 10.

I have a place of safety, where I may e'er abide,
Secure from what would harm me, an hedge on every side:
My adversary knows it, for he has tried in vain
To pass this hedge for mischief, and cause me loss and pain.

I sometimes hear him roaring in baffled rage to know
That there's a power he may not pass, a length he may not go:
Because there's One who hinders—my blessed Lord—and He
Will never let the Devil do injury to me.

Yes, there's an hedge about me, a loving daily care;
A wall of fire surrounding to guard me everywhere;
God's ministering angels are always by my side,
And God above is watching, My Father and my Guide.

And if my Lord should ever permit a seeming ill,
And let the Devil for a time perform his fiendish will,
'Twill only work my highest good, at length it will be seen
That by the trial which came to me, God's name has honored been.

"A Morning Without Clouds."

2 Samuel xxiii: 4.

Oh, bright and blessed morning,
  That draweth on apace;
When basking in the sunshine,
  We shall behold Christ's face.
That face which so illumines,
  E'en here our heavenward way;
But which on that fair morning,
  Shall make a perfect day.

As clear as dawns the sunshine,
  When no clouds intervene;
And when the tender herbage,
  Springs forth in living green—
After the rain has fallen,
  After the clouds are o'er;
So shall the Sun of Righteousness,
  Shine then forevermore.

Our days on earth are clouded,
  By trial, pain, and care;
The morn that dawneth for us,
  Is beauteous, bright and fair.
For all earth's tribulation,
  Shall then be left behind;
And in our perfect rapture,
  We'll know the joy divine.

Let us be patient meantime,
  And trust Him 'mid the clouds;
Knowing the Sun still shineth.
  Above the mist which shrouds.
And when the mists have lifted,
  The day will brighter be;
Because we here a little while,
  Coul only trust, not see.

A God Which Worketh For Him That Waiteth For Him.

Isaiah lxiv: 4, R. V.

The working, Lord, is Thine, the waiting mine:
  Thine is the strength, and mine the quiet rest;
Lord, teach me not to strive nor struggle so,
  But let Thee do it as it seems Thee best.

Since if I work without Thee all is vain,
  Though outwardly it may seem fair and true;
Lord, work Thou for me by Thy wondrous might,
  And work Thou in me both to will and do.

Helpless and weak, I have not power nor skill:
  Ignorant and blind, I do not see my way;
Then with my puny arm how can I work?
  I can do nought; Lord, do it all, I pray.

The waiting may seem long, so very long,
  And we grow weary with the strange delay;
Yet surely for us there is great reward,
  If we with faith and patience wait Thy way.

For all the while we wait, Thou worketh, Lord,
  A better gift than we at first could see;
Since Thou dost tarry to be gracious, and
  Blessed are they who dare to wait for Thee.

Yes, we shall find far richer things in store,
  Prepared for us than if at once were given,
The blessings which Thy love delights to pour,
  We'll surely find them here. or else in heaven.

As the Stars Forever and Ever.

Daniel xii: 3.

Have we tasted the joy so wondrously sweet
Of leading souls to the Master's feet?
Are there some who can say, in the time to come,
We taught them the way to the heavenly home?

Can we know of God's love and never tell
The sinner that Jesus loves him well?
Can we taste of God's grace and never pray
That He use us to show to others the way?

Oh, Lord, forgive us our want of love?
Send down on us now the fire from above.
Oh, use us to lead precious souls to Thee,
And to gather fruit for eternity.

By the love which for us from Calvary came,
Oh, spare us the sorrow and the shame,
While saved ourselves, of regretting too late
That we pointed no soul to the pearly gate.

But may we find, when we come at last,
Our crowns at Thy feet, oh, Lord, to cast,
That a crown of rejoicing is ours to bring,
Since others through us can Thy praises sing.

There's a promise sweet for those who win
Lost souls to God from this world of sin;
They shall shine forever in splendor bright,
As the stars which adorn the sky at night.

Grant, Lord, that this promise we may claim,
And may shine to the glory of Thy great name!
May others through us the Redeemer adore,
Both now and forever and evermore.

A Bottle and a Well.

Genesis xxi: 14-19.

Man gave her *a bottle* of water; God opened her eyes to see
A well in the wilderness flowing, clear, sparkling, full and free:
Man's gift was so insufficient 'twas spent, and she was distressed;
God's gift, like Himself unfailing, was enough, and she was blest.

Are you dwelling beside the fountain? If so, you are well supplied,
While many with empty bottles are thirsting, and parched, and dried:
If you're dwelling beside the fountain, your leaf will be always green;
And the fruit you bear will be luscious, and much to God's glory seen.

Our Lord is a well of water, that springeth forevermore;
You can never exhaust His fulness: just take Him and thirst no more.
With joy from the wells of salvation, draw water each day and hour;
And your life shall acquire new sweetness, new beauty, new peace, new power.

Oh! Lord, for the opened vision and the gift of the desert well,
We gratefully, humbly thank Thee: with praises we fain would tell,
That the souls around who are dying may come to the well and live;
May drink of unfailing waters, which only God's love can give.

An Abundant Entrance Into the Everlasting Kingdom.

2 Peter i: 11.

A Kingdom is coming of splendor untold,
Much greater and grander than any of old;
A Kingdom of peace which forever shall last;
A Kingdom of righteousness, glorious and vast;
But stranger than all, in this Kingdom, through grace,
Shall you and shall I, if redeemed, find a place.

When cometh this Kingdom? 'Twill be when the King
Shall peace and abundant prosperity bring,
When earth's groanings shall cease, and when justice shall reign,
When our blessed Redeemer shall come back again:
And this world, that once saw His rejection and shame,
Shall be brought to acknowledge His glorious name.

But we must be fitted and polished, meanwhile,
For our place in this Kingdom, by testings and trial;
And the name of our Saviour will glorified be,
If we an abundant admittance shall see—
'Twill not be enough just an entrance to gain,
We wish on the throne with our Saviour to reign.

So we'll welcome the trials as they come day by day,
The tests of our patience and faith on the way;
The things to endure and o'ercome: for we know
They're working for good as we journey below.
And we pray for that grace that shall help us to see
What God is preparing for you and for me.

So we wait for the time when the Kingdom shall come,
And long to be ever with Jesus at home,
And to see all our loved ones who dwell with the King,
And whom, when He cometh, He with Him shall bring;
When the doors of His palace wide open He'll fling.
While the chorus celestial our welcome shall sing.

"Alive Forevermore."

Revelation i: 18.

"Alive forevermore, Amen," my glorious risen Head,
Thou livest now in heaven above, who once on earth wast dead;
And Thou hast in Thy pierced hand the keys of death and hell,
So that they cannot hurt nor hold the ones Thou lovest well.

"Alive forevermore," and at the right hand of the throne
Thou intercedest for the ones on earth who are Thine own;
With patient and forgiving love, Thy presence there doth plead
For those who place their cause with Thee in any time of need.

"Alive forevermore," Thou art a Victor over all
The power of the enemy and that which could enthrall;
And since I'm one with Thee, O Christ, I nevermore need fear
The sting of death, the grave's embrace, or sorrow's bitter tear.

"Alive forevermore," yes, Lord, the truth I love to tell,
The power of an endless life is Thine and mine as well;
Because Thou livest, I shall live; I do rejoice that I
Need never know the awful fact of what it is to die.

For if perchance some day I may in Jesus fall asleep,
And some of those who love me best may o'er my body weep,
Yet shall my spirit, glad and free in conscience bliss with Thee,
Await the resurrection morn, when I full joy shall see.

And so I hear Thee say to-day, from off the other shore—
"Rejoice, give thanks! I am thy Lord alive forevermore.
Fear not, My child, thou, too, shalt live forevermore with Me,
Since I have conquered all and slain the last great enemy!

An Evening's Meditation.

Exodus xxxix: 43.

'Tis evening: all I've done to-day, Lord Jesus, Thou dost see.
Has everything, in word and deed, been done as unto Thee?
Thou seest not as man doth see, Thine eyes like flame of fire
Doth test, not only words and deeds, but every thought, desire.

Yes, look, my Lord, upon the work which I have done to-day.
It seems so faulty, poor and small, yet may I hear Thee say:
"My child, I know that Thou hast done that which I said thou should,
And I can truly say of thee, 'She hath done what she could.'"

I thank Thee that Thou seest, Lord, I'm glad Thou knowest all;
I'd rather have Thy word of praise for that which man deems small—
Than to receive the praise of man for that which doth not meet
Thine approbation and reward, though it may seem complete.

Lord, Thou hast mercy infinite, and love beyond compare;
Thou knowest that I am but dust, Thou canst my feelings share;
Thou knowest that I long to do just what will please Thee best,
And to obey in everything Thy wise and kind behest.

But all the strength and all the skill to do as Thou hast bid
Must come from Thee, in whom all power and wisdom, too, are hid:
So look not only on my work, and note each trivial thing
Which pleases Thee, as I may all for Thy inspection bring.

But as Thou lookest on the heart and readest my desire,
Lord, grant me grace to do Thy will and fill with heavenly fire;
Mould Thou the will, perform the work, and then as Thou dost see
That all Thy purposes are done, be glorified in me.

"Behold the Man."

John xix: 5.

Behold the Man, Christ Jesus, for He is wondrous fair,
And none in earth nor heaven with Him can e'er compare;
He's altogether lovely, and as we gaze at Him,
Earth's fame and pomp and glory grow strangely faint and dim.

Behold the Man who loveth and suffered so for thee,
In shame and blood and torture upon the cruel tree;
His gentleness and patience, His meekness under trial,
Forbid thee e'er to murmur at aught this little while.

Behold the Man, the God-Man! His fulness, grace and power
Are all for thee: then claim them, each moment of each hour.
Oh, never look around thee! Look only at thy Lord!
Thus shalt thy soul keep quiet, while resting on His Word.

One aim in life: to please Him, to do His blessed will;
Strong ever in the purpose thy mission to fulfil;
Knowing by blest experience His peace, His strength, His grace,
As He shall lift upon thee the shining of His face.

Behold Him now in glory! He liveth there for thee.
The grave could never keep Him; He now from death is free;
But He has not forgotten His children here below,
And daily intercedeth that they His power might know.

Behold Him, daily, hourly, hold fellowship in prayer,
Communing with Him always, He'll meet thee everywhere;
And looking at His beauty, thou constantly shalt grow
Into His perfect image, till some day thou shalt know

What it will mean to see Him, yes, see Him face to face,
Beholding all His glory, His majesty, His grace,
And then, oh! truth most wonderful, most glorious, most grand,
What it is to be like Him thou shalt fully understand.

Lord, thus I long to see Thee, and seeing none beside,
Mayst Thou through me be manifest, and ever glorified.
I'm but an earthen vessel, yet, oh! my Lord Divine,
By looking at Thy loveliness and beauty, may I shine.

"Bring Them Hither to Me."

Matthew xiv: 18.

The multitudes hungered, they had thronged Him that day,
And now He would not send them empty away;
But with nothing at hand, save the five loaves of bread,
And the lad's two small fishes, whence could they be fed?

It is true that the Lord with one word of command
Could have satisfied all—but chose what was at hand,
The loaves and the fishes, the things men could see,
And said to the lad, "Bring them hither to Me."

To-day many hunger for heavenly bread;
Oh! list to the words of our Lord, who has said:
"They need not depart, give them something to eat,"
And My grace will supply you with all that is meet.

So learn to take all that you have to the Lord,
For His touch and His blessing, His life giving word;
Your gifts and your service, the great and the small,
But be sure that in bringing you bring Him your all.

And thus He will use you the hungry to feed,
And make you a blessing to those who're in need;
And you'll find that the five barley loaves which you thought
Could accomplish nothing, have mighty things wrought.

He needs not your service, and yet He doth choose
In great condescension such service to use;
And the weaker and smaller the things which men see,
The greater *His* fame and *His* glory shall be.

Think not that your gifts, though so trivial and small,
Are nought, if in giving you give Him your all;
For the touch of the Master a blessing will bring,
And the least service rendered cannot be a small thing.

"Caught Up Together With Them."

1 Thess. iv: 13-18.

Dear ones are resting with Jesus in glory,
  Past earthly sinning, and suffering, and woe,
And we are left for awhile 'mid earth's trials,
  Weeping, and working, and waiting below:
Weeping, because we are lonesome and homesick;
  Working, there's so much to do, and 'tis late;
Waiting, in hope of the glory before us,
  And the dear Saviour has told us to wait.

Only a little while, then the reunion—
  Labors, temptations and trials shall cease;
Only a little while, then happy greetings;
  Only a little while, then glad release;
Only a little while, and we shall see Him,
  Our best Beloved, our Saviour, our Friend;
And all our dear ones now with Him in glory—
    Then shall be rapture that knoweth no end.

Some day, above all earth's babel and tumult,
  Gladly we'll hear, as the dear Lord shall come,
Archangel's voice and the sound of the trumpet,
  Shout of our God as He calleth us home;
Then shall the dust of our dear ones, united
  With their glad spirits, forever be free;
While in a moment we, too, shall be changed,
  And with our Lord and with them ever be.

"Caught up together with them" at His coming,
  Partings all over, and grief turned to joy;
"Caught up together" with bodies immortal,
  Oh! blessed hope, without any alloy!
"Caught up together" to meet Him and greet Him
  Whom we have worshipped together below,
Oh! what a prospect, to see Him, be with Him,
  And to be like Him, who loveth us so!

So we are praying, "Come quickly, Lord Jesus."
  And we are watching for signs of the day,
When a bright morning shall dawn ever glorious,
  And sorrow and sighing shall all flee away.
Thus we are comforted, strengthened and hopeful;
  And we would comfort God's children who weep;
That they may sorrow not even as others
  Who have no hope for those fallen asleep.

Consider Him.

Hebrews xii: 3.

Get out of yourself and your failings and feelings,
  Get into God's bosom, your Father and Guide;
Behold your Redeemer, and see His perfections,
  And in Him forever most surely abide.
You know you are weakness, imperfect and sinful,
  But what will it profit to dwell on the fact?
For all introspection, all looking about you,
  All gazing at sin on yourself will react.

Consider Him, how He endured and suffered,
  Behold all His patience, His gentleness see;
Since He has thus suffered, think how He can pity,
  And how He is fitted your High Priest to be.
Consider Him when you are wearied and tempted,
  Think how He has conquered: He'll do it for you.
And since He is able and willing to succor,
  Oh, trust Him, and He all your foes will subdue.

Consider Him ever, consider Him only,
  Think much of His faithfulness, think of His love.
Remember His living, His dying, His rising,
  And His intercession for you up above;
Then think of the time which is rapidly hastening,
  When He who once suffered most surely shall reign;
Oh, think of the morning, the joy and the glory,
  And that your Redeemer is coming again.

So may you look off from yourself unto Jesus,
  The Spotless and Holy, the Perfect and Pure;
And as you gaze at Him, you shall be transfigured,
  Changed into His image at length we are sure.
Till some day in glory you shall be just like Him!
  Oh, wonderful prospect! oh, rapturous thought!
For ever and ever you there shall consider
  His beauty, His glory, and what He has wrought.

"Draw Me. We Will Run After Thee

Song of Solomon i:4.

"Draw me," Lord, in wondrous mercy,
By the cords of love to Thee;
Let me more and more Thy beauty
And Thy grace and goodness see;
Sin in many forms surrounds me,
And would blind me by its glare;
Let me see instead Thine image,
Shew Thyself to me most fair.

"Draw me nigh, Lord, and still nigher,"
Let me daily walk with Thee;
Hearing every word Thou speakest,
Growing more like Thee to be.
"Draw me," for I am so helpless,
Of myself I cannot come;
Draw me, lead me, keep me, guard me,
Till at length Thou bring me home.

"Draw me," Lord, and I will follow,
Lovingly and patiently;
Quickly going in Thy footsteps,
"I will then run after Thee."
This may lead me into sorrow,
Into what is seeming loss;
But beyond is only gladness,
And a glory for each cross.

I would rather go with Thee, Lord,
Than to have all else beside;
Earthly joy, and wealth, and honor,
If Thy presence were denied.
"Where Thou art, in death or life, there
Also would Thy servant be;"
By Thy love and Spirit "draw me,
And I will run after Thee."

"Every One That Asketh Receiveth."

Matthew vii: 8.

Every one that asks receiveth; ~~no true prayer is e'er in~~ Every one that seeks shall find
For our loving heavenly Father is most wonderfully kind:
We may not get what we ask for, but on this we safely rest,
God will give what, in His wisdom, He shall see is for the best.

We might ask for what would hurt us, He in kindness holds it back,
Gives instead a better portion, that which He sees we most lack.
Since His thoughts are so much higher, since His ways are always right,
We would leave to Him the answer, pray and wait for further light.

Every one that asks receiveth, e'en the weakest, humblest saint
Need not fear lest His petitions are not heard, and should not faint;
For there's incense ever rising to the throne of God on high,
From the censer of the Angel—our High Priest who cannot die.

Every one that asks receiveth, ~~every one that seeks shall find,~~ no true prayer is e'er in vain;
There's an answer surely coming—keep on asking, knock again,
For our God has wondrous patience, our infirmities He weighs,
And what we oft deem denials, He doth see are but delays.

Yes, our Father loves to give us every good thing which we need,
Better than an earthly parent, to his little ones who plead;
Since He has exhaustless fulness, let us learn to know His will,
Plead His merits, waiting on Him, keeping meanwhile very still.

Then some day we'll see His answer, know that He has surely heard,
And that He has dealt most wisely, keeping e'er with us His word:
And we'll thank Him that He did not always give just what we would,
But instead some richer blessings, what He saw supremely good.

Exaltation After Humiliation.

Psalm lxviii: 13.

Sunset gilds Judean hilltops, and the long hot day is past,
While the evening's cooling breezes come to cheer and rest at last.
Soaring upward in the sunlight, till their wings like silver gleam,
Or like yellow gold their feathers, in the day's departing beam—
See the doves who've crouched in hiding from the burning rays of sun
'Midst the shreds of broken pottery, now emerge as day is done.

Made for soaring and for freedom, for the sunshine and the air,
Strange they have been thus in hiding, soiling all their wings so fair—
But their waiting time is over, now the joyous upward flight,
And we see no blemish on them, as they shine in heaven's light.
While we ponder well the lesson, though like them we humble be,
Dwelling oft 'midst earthly rubblsh, great deliverance we shall see.

Exaltation cometh surely after lowliness and pain;
After toil and humble service, then the great eternal gain;
After night, the cloudless morning; after death, the wondrous life;
After suffering, the glory; peace and rest come after strife.
Service now, and then the reigning; thorns now, and then the palm;
Weeping now, and then the singing of the glad eternal psalm.

Courage, then, thou weary toiler, dwelling in an humble place,
'Midst surroundings uncongenial and perhaps devoid of grace.
Thy Redeemer toiled and suffered, now He reigns at God's right hand;
Be submissive, patient, hopeful, soon with Him thou there shalt stand.
In His own good time He'll bring thee out of labor and of trial,
For there's light, and joy, and glory, waiting for thee all the while.

"Everything Shall Live Whither the River Cometh."

Ezekiel xlvii.

Its source was the Altar, it flowed through the desert,
  And emptied at length in the depths of the sea;
And as it moved onward it deepened and deepened,
  A health-giving river, near which grew life's tree.
Thus God's ancient prophet beheld in a vision
  The river of blessing which is yet to be.

But while we are reading of that which will happen,
  When earth's desert places shall bloom as the rose,
We cry, Oh, our Father, may it truly picture
  The life we are living as onward it flows,
So that it prove ever a river of blessing
  To all whom it touches wherever it goes.

We pass through the desert, earth's great weary desert,
  The many around us are thirsting and sad;
And that which is ours—the life-giving waters—
  Has power to heal that a blessing be had:
Lord, make us a channel of blessing to others,
  Oh, use us to cheer, to give life, to make glad.

We're Thine to be used, and the Spirit within us
  Is ours in His fulness if we but receive;
Lord, cleanse Thou the channel, and fill to o'erflowing,
  And as we take from Thee, so may we, too, give.
Oh, deepen and deepen the lives we are living,
  Increasingly use us that others may live.

We're naught in ourselves, but the source of all blessing
  Is found at the Altar, the place of the blood;
We pass on Thy fulness in gladness to others,
  Returning at length to the bosom of God:
To whom be the praise and the glory forever,
  Our gracious Redeemer, our Wonderful God.
  day.

Fruit Unto Life Eternal.

John iv: 36.

Our Master has bidden us labor for Him:
  The field is the world, and the laborers are few;
The time is so short, and the harvest is ripe,
  And we are so feeble—ah, what can we do?
We each can do something, though trivial it seem:
  A gift or a prayer, or a word we may say;
And God, who is watching to see if we do
  As He has commanded, will surely repay.

The sowing is ours, while the fruitage is His,
  But here all its fulness we never can know;
Some day He will show us the wonderful fruit
  Which has sprung from the seed which in weakness we sow.
Meanwhile we would labor with patience and trust,
  And wait for the harvest contented and true,
Not asking success as the world counts success,
  But asking God's blessing on all that we do.

The time of rejoicing is coming apace:
  'Twill be at the close of the day as we meet
From the east and the west, from the north and the south.
  And gather at last at the dear Master's feet.
'Tis then He will give us our wages, our crowns,
  And we long to be fruitful, to do but His will,
To finish His work, that at length He may say—
  "My child, you My bidding on earth did fulfill."

Since the fruit we are gathering forever shall last,
  We pray that the fruitage abundant may be;
Since we have no wisdom, nor strength for the task,
  We look for all blessing, dear Master, from Thee.
Oh! grant that the crowns we shall cast at Thy feet
  May be radiant with jewels which for Thee we've wone;
So that Thou mayest glorified be, blessed Lord,
  And we may receive Thine approval, "Well done."

"Faithful Over a Few Things."

Matt. xxv: 23.

It may seem to you but a trifle, which you have been called to do;
Just some humble household labor, away from the public view.
But the question is are you faithful, and striving to do your best;
As in sight of the Blessed Master, while leaving to Him the rest?

It may be but a little corner, which you have been asked to fill;
What matters it if you are in it, doing the Master's will?
Doing it well and faithfully, and doing it with your might;
Not for the praise it may bring you, but because the thing is right.

In the sight of man you may never, win anything like success;
And the laurel crown of the victor, may never your temples press.
If only you have God's approval, 'twill not matter what else you miss;
His blessing is heaven beginning, His reward will be perfect bliss.

Be faithful in every service, obedient to every call;
Ever ready to do His bidding, whether in great things or small.
You may seem to accomplish little, you may win the praise of none;
But be sure you will win His favor, and the Master's great "well done."

And when at His blessed coming, you stand at His judgment seat;
He'll remember your faithful service, and His smile will be oh! so sweet.
He will bid you a loving welcome, He'll make you to reign for aye;
Over great things and o'er many, with Him, through eternal day.

Fellowship.

1 John i: 7.

There's a fellowship most holy with the Father and the Son,
And it may be ours each moment, since we evermore are one;
But it is so easily hindered, little things disturb it so,
If we prize it, we must guard it, as we journey to and fro.

Always acting, speaking, thinking, walking with Him in the light,
Seeking only His approval, if 'tis pleasing in His sight;
Shunning what might seem most harmless, if He could not do it too,
Fearing lest we mar communion, asking what would Jesus do?

If we live in such agreement, one in sorrow, joy and aim,
We will be His special treasure, and can all His fulness claim;
He will joy o'er us with singing, He will rest Him in His love,
And we'll know e'en here the foretaste of what waits us there above.

Men may scorn us, friends misjudge us, we can bear their sneer, their blame,
It was thus that they reviled Him, so with Him we'll suffer shame;
And 'tis worth the price we're paying thus to walk the narrow way,
For His presence is sufficient to reward us day by day.

Yes, the fellowship is blessed, the most precious thing we know,
Nothing that this earth can give us, or our fellow-men bestow,
Can compare with that communion and that sympathy divine,
Which can radiate our pathway, making it with light to shine;

While the precious blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all our sin;
'Tis a fountain ever flowing, making, keeping pure within.
Master, live this life within us, draw us ever by Thy love;
Give us grace, and strength, and courage, grant us power

from above.

"Found Faithful."

1 Cor. iv: 2.

One thing be our purpose, ambition and aim,
Not th' favor of men, not earth's riches or fame;
We may not be brilliant, successful or great,
But lowly, unknown and of humble estate,
Still this would we seek every moment to be—
"Found faithful" in all things, dear Master, by Thee.

"Found faithful" as stewards entrusted by God
With riches, time, talents, or truth from His Word:
Oh! may we not wrap them and hide them away,
And keep them for fuel 'gainst the fires of that day,
But use them all freely, as only for Him
Who has bought us with blood, and redeemed us from sin.

"Found faithful" in service, in things men call small,
The trifling duties, or works which befall;
Not seeking for great things, but seeking to know
The will of our Father, the path we should go;
Obedient and willing, rejoicing and still,
Ever proving God's perfect, acceptable will.

Lord, we are not able, but Thine is the power;
Live in us and through us Thy life from this hour;
May we be believing, that from us may flow
E'en rivers of blessing to many below;
But much fruit or little, still grant that we be
"Found faithful" in all things, dear Saviour, by Thee.

"Found faithful" at length when the Master shall come
To make up His jewels, and welcome us home:
Ah! then 'twill be worth all earth's trials to hear
From the lips of our Saviour the words sweet and clear—
"Well done, faithful servant, how great thy reward,
Come, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Filled Full in Him.

Colossians ii: 9, 10.

The fulness of the Godhead, dwells my blessed Lord, in Thee;
And none can fathom all the depths of Thy infinity:
All wisdom, knowledge, strength and power, all holiness and grace,
All beauty, sweetness, love and truth, in Thee have dwelling place.

All fulness dwells in Thee, dear Lord, and Thou dost dwell in me,
And I in Thee, since we are one. I would Thy fulness see:
I may not feel these blessed truths, but I believe Thy Word,
And so for all my daily needs would trust Thee, dearest Lord—

And draw from out Thine ocean depths till I am filled with Thee.
I will be richer far and Thou no poorer, Lord, shalt be:
Keep Thou the channel free and clean, 'twixt Thy dear heart and mine;
So shall I magnifv Thy grace, and to Thy glory shine.

To other sources for supply I do not need to go,
Fill, Lord, the vessel that I bring until it doth o'erflow:
Forbid that I should look for help to others, save to Thee:
And as Thou fillest, may I give what Thou doth give to me.

Forgive me that I've ever lived so sparingly, so poor,
When such abundance is at hand, such treasure and such store;
And grant that in the future I may take what Thou wouldst give
So bountifully and lovingly, and in Thy fulness live.

"Good in Thy Sight."

Luke x: 21.

This is "good in Thy sight," Saviour; what a rest it brings to me
Just to know that all is working for my good eternally.
It may not seem good in my sight, but Thy ways are true and just;
So I simply leave it to Thee, so I simply wait and trust.

If 'tis "good in Thy sight," why should I desire it good in mine?
Should I not live only so that I fulfil Thy will Divine?
If it pleases Thee, my Master, "even so," I humbly say,
Keep me faithful, quiet, trustful, living in Thy will each day.

"Good in Thy sight!" 'tis sufficient—this is all I want to know;
If it meets Thine approbation, I would rather have it so:
Though it crosses every purpose, though it thwarts what I had planned,
Still I'll leave it, gladly leave it, in Thy wise and loving hand.

I will trust Thee where I cannot see, because Thou seest, Lord;
Be content with all my portion, clinging ever to Thy Word:
Then some time from out the glory, looking back o'er all life's way,
I will see, and know, and praise Thee, as I cannot now to-day.

God Remembers.

Hebrews vi: 10.

God never forgets what we do for His children,
  Each thought and each motive, each service of love;
Each word we in kindness have tenderly spoken,
  It all is recorded by Him up above;
And He says inasmuch as to them you have done it,
  You have rendered a service indeed unto Me;
And I will repay you—some day in the glory
  The fruit of your labor you surely shall see.

It may have been done to the least of His loved ones,
  They may not have thanked us, and seemed not to care;
So trifling it was that it passed from our memory,
  And of it we knew no one else was aware.
But if it was done from our love to the Master,
  Be sure He was pleased, and it was not in vain;
The bread that was cast on the waters with trembling
  Increased and abundant returneth again.

How wondrous it is that God only remembers
  The good which we do, not our failings nor sin;
He casts these forever in depths of oblivion,
  While each act of service His notice doth win.
Ah! yes, He is watching up there in the glory:
  How blessed to know that He sees and He cares!
That He writes all we do in His book of remembrance,
  While He with His children our ministry shares.

He lived when on earth just to minister ever,
  And they who would follow Him faithful and true,
Now find it their highest and holiest mission
  Like their Master to serve and to minister, too.
Lord, help us, we pray, with a glad heart and ever
  To count it a joy and a privilege, indeed,
To speak the kind word, and to do the kind action,
  To comfort and succor Thy children who need.

God's Will Concerning You.

1 Thess. v: 18.

"This is God's will concerning you," repeat it often day by day;
When things look bright, when things look dark, 'mid good or ill along the way;
If you are in the Father's care, if you are subject to His will,
He orders all that comes to you, so trusting Him, be very still.

"This is God's will concerning you," the daily trial, the daily cross;
The joy, the gladness, peace and rest, the disappointment, pain and loss;
The bitter and the sweet as well, the darkening cloud, the bright sunshine,
In all of these your God in love is saying to you, "Thou art Mine."

Oh, let us see God's hand in all, and trace His workings step by step;
Knowing that nothing blindly comes to those who 'neath His wings are kept;
The trials are polishing the gold, each stroke but cuts the diamond's face;
The sunshine ripens fast the fruit, all show at length God's wondrous grace.

"This is God's will concerning you," it may seem strange that it be so;
You may not understand at all, you may not see, you may not know;
Is the road rough? is the path dark? it leadeth to the perfect day;
And sometime, with your vision clear, you'll know that it was best God's way.

And so in everything give thanks, knowing that God is just and true;
And that in Jesus Christ your Lord this is the will of God for you;
So trust Him, blindly, simply trust; believe His word, believe His love;
And dare in everything give thanks, until you see His plan above.

Guarded Here and Faultless There.

Jude 24.

He is able now to guard you from the pitfalls in the way,
So that you walk ever worthy of your calling day by day;
He is able, and He only: you have no one else beside,
Who once having trod the pathway, knoweth how to be your Guide.

Trust Him fully: He will ever shield you from the tempter's snare;
Put His blessed arms about you, give you tenderest love and care.
Call to Him: He will deliver when the enemy is nigh;
He has conquered, and will conquer. You are weakness—do not try.

Then at length, before the presence of His glory over there,,
With great joy He will present you faultless, perfect, wondrous fair;
Faultless with no earth-stains clinging, manifested as His own;
Made just like Him in the glory, perfect there before the throne.

So we trust our God and Saviour some day we shall surely see,
All fulfilled just as He promised, and quite satisfied shall be.
Unto Him be endless glory, His the power and His the praise;
His the kingdom and the honor throughout all the coming days.

"God Is Love."

Deuteronomy xxxiii: 3, 12.

On His heart, oh wondrous story, greatest love that e'er was known;
Strange that He, the Lord of glory, should choose Israel for His own:
Yet we read *"He loved the people,"* though they oft rebellious were;
Sought them for His special treasure, lavishing on them His care.
As He loved them, so He loves me, may each child of God now say;
We can never comprehend it, yet believe, rejoice we may;
And throughout the coming ages we will praise Him as we should,
For the mighty love that bought us and that led us as He would.

"In His hands," sure place of safety, since He loves me He will care,
Bless and guard, protect and keep me—who or what can harm me there?
Never can I fail or perish, none can ever pluck me hence,
For the work He'll surely finish which He doth in me commence.
"In His hands," to do His pleasure; *"In His hands,"* to learn His will;
May He make me patient, lowly; keep me quiet, glad and still,
I can surely trust Him ever, for He doeth all things well,
And His loving, guarding power, is too great for me to tell.

"At His feet" with adoration and with gratitude I fall;
"At His feet" in supplication, as upon His name I call;
"At His feet" in sweet submission I would sit and hear Him speak
Words of life and consolation, words to bless and help the weak;
And whatever He speaks to me I would humbly it receive,
Living on each gracious message, and His promises believe;
Thus I'd ever stay before Him, 'tis the place for sinners meet;
Lie all night until the morning at the Saviour's blessed feet.

"On His shoulder," place of power, all the government is there;
All affairs that may concern me He will ever make His care;
As the sheep that strays from sheltering is sought out and carried home,
So my shepherd sought and found me, so He'll bear me, lest I roam:
As the high priest on his shoulders bore the names of Israel,
Often making intercession when they would transgress, rebel;
So my Saviour bears me always at the heavenly throne of grace;
For His love, His care, His keeping, I would bless, adore and praise.

Grace to Help in Time of Need.

Hebrews iv: 15, 16.

Are you tempted, tried or troubled? There is comfort in the thought
That since you've accepted Jesus, the atonement He has wrought,
You have now above in heaven One who knows and cares indeed;
At His throne you will find mercy, "grace to help in time of need."

Go to Him in all your weakness, go to Him with all your care;
He can sympathize most fully, He can all your feelings share;
For was He not tried and tempted? So for you He'll intercede,
As your great High Priest, and give you "grace to help in time of need."

There is grace for each requirement, there is mercy for each sin;
With His blood within the holiest, He for us has entered in;
'Tis because for us He suffered that He can for sinners plead;
'Tis because He shared our nature that there's grace in time of need.

Yes, He's felt what we are feeling, He in all points was as we,
Save that He knew no defilement, spotless, pure and just was He;
So He pities when we stumble, streches forth His hand to lead,
For He knows how we are tempted, gives us grace in time of need.

Then let us come ever gladly, boldly to the throne of grace;
He is near to those who need Him and will show His smiling face:
Is there trial, care or burden? Let us to our Refuge speed;
Christ has all things and will give us "grace to help in time of need."

God's Plan.

Eph. ii: 10.

God has a plan for every life, and therefore one for mine;
He is the architect and I would for His glory shine;
Yielding so fully to His will that He may it unfold:
I know His ways are infinite, His goodness is untold.

It is the very best that He could do for me in love,
His thoughts are higher far than mine, He seeth from above;
His ways I may not comprehend, but I can surely trust,
Knowing that He is merciful, gracious and wise and just.

I do not want to thwart His plan by wilfulness, nor grieve
My loving Friend, who knoweth best, but humbly would receive
All that befalls me ev'ry day, as coming from His hand,
And thank Him when I may not see or fully understand.

It all will work for glory to His holy, blessed Name,
And through the ages yet to come His grace He will proclaim,
By all His kindness unto me, through Christ, who saved by grace,
And I shall fully see His plan when I behold His face.

Here it may seem a tangled skein, a pattern all awry,
And often, as we gaze at it, we question how or why;
There it will shine a perfect whole, a thing of beauty fair,
A glorious design wrought out with greatest skill and care.

Yes, I am now His wormanship, created for His own,
He has prepared my works for me, they are of Him alone;
I simply have to yield to Him, and He will work in me,
And show in me His wondrous grace, now and eternally.

"Go Ye Into All the World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature."

Mark xvi: 15.

What are we doing to obey this last and great command,
To tell the story of the cross in every clime and land?
By thousands souls are perishing, who might have known the way
To Jesus and eternal life, if we would but obey.

What are we doing, living on in selfishness and ease,
Seeking alone the things of earth how best ourselves to please?
Forgetting that we're left in trust with God's abounding grace,
His witnesses, to tell abroad the Gospel to the race?

What are we doing? Quicken, Lord, before it be too late!
Show us our glorious privilege, show us our honor great,
An honor and a privilege which angels well might crave,
To tell the good news to the lost, and dying souls to save.

And since we soon shall see our Lord, and hear His blessed voice
Saying to those who've faithful been, "Well done! My child, rejoice:"
Oh, grant that we may share that praise and see in that great day
That we have been His instruments to show lost men the way.

And when we stand—it may be soon—before His judgment seat.
May ours be a starry crown, a crown of joy complete;
May there be souls to meet us there and with us to rejoice,
Who but for us had never known His Word nor heard His voice.

Oh, use us, Lord! we're Thine to use—vessels of humble earth:
And in ourselves are feebleness, sinful and nothing worth.
Still use us, Lord, to go or send, Thy Gospel to proclaim,
The power of the cross of Christ, the glory of Thy name.

"God Is Love—A Consuming Fire."

1 John iv:8, 16; Deut. iv:24; Hebrews xii:29.

Our God is love: He gave His Son, whose precious blood was spilt
That He might save our souls from death and ransom us from guilt.
We cannot tell how much He loved, how much He loves us now,
But with adoring gratitude low at His feet we bow.

He loves us though He knows us well, our frailties and sin;
His love eternal changes not, and would our best love win.
We are His treasure and His care, a people for His praise,
That we might spread His glory forth in all our works and ways.

And 'tis because He loves us thus He wants us all His own:
No other has a right to us, we're His and His alone.
He's jealous lest some other love should take from Him a part
Of that for which He gave His life and bears upon His heart.

So looking down in tenderness, He sees that we require
Our spirits cleansed, our dross consumed by the Refiner's fire.
'Tis only that the gold may be more lustrous and more pure,
Else He could never bear that we the crucible endure.

'Tis all a part of Love's own plan; can we not trust His love,
And yielding all to Him, just wait and learn to look above?
He'll send us not one trial too great, one blast of heat too much,
He'll suffer not a bit of harm the precious gold to touch.

But He will sit and watch till He can see His image clear
Reflected on the metal bright, which e'er He holds so dear;
And when at length the trial is o'er, I know that we will say
That we are glad we trusted Him and let Him have His way.

Hold Fast.

Revelation iii: 11.

Hold fast! the morn is nearing, the night is almost o'er:
The golden light is shining from off the other shore.
I'm coming, coming quickly, and with Me is reward
For those whom I find faithful, and steadfast to their Lord.

I have a bright crown waiting, a diadem of light,
Lo, it is all resplendent with many a jewel bright;
I'm longing thee to have it, 'tis for thy brow, My child,
But thou art midst the tempest, the winds and waves are wild.

The faith and love and courage of many is so weak,
While those who say they love Me do not My glory seek;
And thou are midst temptation, it waxeth fierce and strong—
Oh! child of Mine, be faithful, the battle is not long.

Hold fast 'mid trial and tempest, thy heart to Mine attune!
Hold fast a little longer, for I am coming soon!
Be watchful, lest some other take that which should have been
Thy wonderful inheritance, and thus thy bright crown win.

Thou mayst be weak and weary, but thou hast faith in Me;
And sometimes thou dost stumble—I all thy failings see;
But thou hast not denied Me, thou hast a little strength:
Hold fast, continue faithful, there's victory at length.

Then to the overcomer shall be eternal fame:
And in the New Jerusalem he'll bear My glorious name;
From My immediate presence he shall no more go out,
Hold fast amid the conflict, then cometh palm and shout.

"He Goeth Before."

John x:4.

We stand on its threshold, a New Year beginning,
And wonder, perhaps, what the future may be;
The past is illumined by God's love and mercy,
But the year which we enter no mortal can see:
Untried and untrodden, it lieth before us,
We pause as we pass through its wide open door;
Yet need not be fearful if only we follow
The footsteps of Jesus, who goeth before.

We want Him to choose every step of the pathway,
And safely to guide us as seemeth Him best;
We trust in His wisdom, His love and His goodness,
Content to leave to Him in faith all the rest.
Oh! just to remember 'tis only to follow,
We dare not to choose or to plan any more;
He leadeth the blind by a way which they know not,
He lightens their darkness, "He goeth before."

Does the road seem perplexing, uneven and crooked?
Do the trials seem heavy which burden us now?
We'll never meet tangle He cannot unravel,
He'll straighten the pathway, He knoweth just how:
And nothing can happen but what He will share it.
He tasted the cup and our sorrows He bore;
To Him cometh first everything which befalleth,
Because in His mercy "He goeth before."

Dear Lord, we beseech Thee that truly and ever
We follow Thy steps as our Leader and Giude!
Oh, hold us, and keep us, and help us to listen
For Thy voice evermore as with Thee we abide.
And then, when the journey at length shall be over,
Throughout coming ages we'll ever adore
The wisdom and love of the One who now leadeth,
Our Saviour and Shepherd, "who goeth before."

"Here Am I; Send Me."

Isaiah vi: 8.

There's so much to do for Jesus ere He cometh back again,
For He calls on us to help Him gather in the golden grain;
Fields are white unto the harvest, if we lift our eyes to see:
May we hear the call and answer, Here am I, oh, Lord, send me.

'Tis an honor and a privilege that the angels well might crave,
And a blessing surely follows those who seek the lost to save:
There are multitudes about us, and the time is short when we
Can snatch some from out the fire—let us each say, Lord, send me.

Souls are perishing and dying for the need of Gospel light;
If 'tis in our power to help them, and we do the privilege slight,
Can we meet our Lord rejoicing; when He cometh will we be
Ready to behold and greet Him? Let us now say, Lord, send me.

There are sorrowing ones and lonely needing comfort 'midst their tears;
There are burdened ones about us, full of anxious doubts and fears;
Some are still in cruel bondage, some so blind they cannot see,
So I pray if Thou canst use me, Here am I, oh, Lord, send me.

I am sinful, weak, unworthy, still I'd lay within Thy hand
Like the clay all unresisting, waiting for Thy blest command;
Send me wheresoe'er Thou willest, only make me glad and free,
Willing and obedient ever, Here am I, oh, Lord, send me.

Soon the last sheaf will be garnered, soon the last soul will be won,
May I have Thine approbation when the harvest day is done!
Only use me, blessed Master, that when Thou shalt come, I see
Fruit resulting from my labor. Here am I, oh, Lord, send me.

"His Own."

John xiii: 1.

I am "His own," bought with His blood; He has a rightful claim to me.
And gladly do I call Him Lord and strive to serve Him faithfully.
Upon the altar of my heart I would no other one enthrone,
But ever say exultingly the precious word, I am "His own."

'Tis blessed to belong to Him, to feel His care, to know His love,
To be provided for by One who ever keeps me from above.
His power, His grace are wonderful, and since He did for me alone,
Will He not freely give to me all that I need, for I'm "His own?"

I may be troubled and perplexed, weary and sinful, yet for me
There is the thought with comfort fraught, God careth for me tenderly;
He will not fail me nor forsake, and I can never be alone;
His faithful arms are underneath, He loves me, for I am "His own."

Since I am His, He will correct, that I may in His image grow,
That He may purge the dross from me, that of His fulness I may know.
The wicked may be prospered much, the worldling He will let alone,
But when I feel His chastening rod, it only proves I am "His own."

He knoweth all about my way, and He will for His child provide.
Yes, He will mark my path for me, will teach and lead, protect and guide;
And then with all life's lessons past, He'll seat me with Him on His throne.
Oh, glorious thought! I'm one with Him, for evermore I am "His own."

"He Careth for You."

1 Peter v: 7.

Are you weary or troubled, perplexed or distressed?
In Christ there is comfort, joy, safety, and rest;
Go tell Him your sorrows, cast on Him your care,
He waits in His pity your trials to share.

He sees all your footsteps, He marks all your way,
In kindness, in wisdom, He's planned every day;
He knoweth, He loveth, as none else could do;
Go tell to Him all things, "He careth for you."

Perhaps no one else seems to pity or know,
None think of your welfare, nor mark where you go;
But your loving Redeemer, so patient, so true,
Is full of compassion, "He careth for you."

Assured of His presence, protection and peace,
Of fellowship holy, let burdens all cease;
Though trials be many, and friends may be few,
Oh! what does it matter, "He careth for you."

He careth for you 'mid the sunshine and shade,
'Mid the cheer of the upland, the gloom of the glade;
He thinketh upon you when poor and in need,
Oh! His is the sympathy sweetest indeed.

All power is His—He is mighty to aid,
So that none of His children should e'er be afraid;
You will never need aught that His love cannot do,
So trust in the promise, "He careth for you."

He Must Do It All.

Psalm lvii: 2.

In creation and redemption it was God who did it all,
Marvelling at His love and wisdom, we in adoration fall.
We behold His works with wonder, all is perfect He has made,
And we trust Him for salvation, since for us the debt He paid.

But in daily life how often we distrust His glorious might,
Vainly thinking we can help Him, walking not by faith, but sight;
Striving to perfect His purpose, striving to fulfil His will,
Waiting not alone upon Him, restless, not content and still.

Oh! to learn the blessed lesson just to dwell with Him each day;
Resting in Him, walking with Him, waiting on His power alway;
Saying humbly with rejoicing, as before His feet we fall,
We are weakness, He is power, therefore He must do it all.

Are we tempted? He will conquer if we leave it all to Him.
Are we weary? He will rest us. Is our faith too often dim?
He abideth faithful ever, He cannot deny His Word,
So we'll lean upon His promise, trust it all unto the Lord.

We are glad 'tis God who worketh for the ones who wait for Him,
And we'll taste more of His fulness till our faith no more is dim;
He will work and who can hinder, if the thing be great or small
Matters not, since He is able, and since He must do it all.

Yes, He is able and He only; we have nought to do but yield.
He will be our strength and wisdom, He will be our help and shield;
He will perfect what concerneth those whom He has bought with blood,
And at length present us faultless with rejoicing to our God.

I Shall Be Like Him.

1 John iii: 2.

I shall be like Him! Oh, wonderful word!
Like Him, my perfect, adorable Lord;
Like Him in body, and spirit, and soul;
Free from earth's trammels, made perfect and whole;
No spot, nor blemish, nor any such thing;
With lips that can praise, and a tongue that can sing,
With a heart than can love, and a mind that can know
The depths of the Godhead who loveth me so.

I shall be like Him when He shall appear,
For I shall see Him, my Saviour so dear;
See Him in beauty, and glory, and grace;
Speak with Him then as a Friend face to face,
No cloud to hide Him, no sin that can dim
The eye that shall then gaze in rapture at Him;
But as I behold Him, will love and adore,
And praise Him for all of His grace evermore.

I shall be satisfied when I shall bear
His heavenly image, so gloriously fair;
Now I am groaning because of the sin
Which, though I detest it, oft lurketh within;
But then aspirations and longings shall cease
In glad realization and wonderful peace,
A peace never broken by any alarms,
As I rest me forever within His dear arms.

But while I am waiting for that glorious day,
I am longing for this, and for this I would pray—
That even now I may grow more like my Lord,
By beholding His beauty and grace in His Word;
That He may be pleased, and that others may see
Some trace of His image reflected in me;
But even the brightest reflection is dim
To the glory which I shall have when I'm like Him.

I shall be like Him! It makes me rejoice
To think that ere long I may hear His dear voice.
Yes, it may be soon, and I'm listening to hear
The call of my Saviour as He shall appear;
For I know He is coming and that He will call,
And gladly I'll answer Him while leaving all,
And dwell with Him ever. Oh, wonderful bliss,
To be like Him, whom I shall behold as He is.

I Will Be a Father Unto You.

2 Corinthians vi: 18.

I'll be a Father unto you, I seem to hear God say,
So loving, patient, kind and good, through all your dangerous way;
I know all things about your life, I am your Helper true,
Far more than earthly parent, I can sympathize with you.

I'll be a Father unto you: perhaps you feel a need
Of earthly arm on which to lean, of earthly ear to heed;
My strength is yours, and I will give unto you wondrous grace,
You'll never cry in vain to Me nor seek in vain My face.

I'll be a Father unto you: so roll on Me your care,
There's not a burden nor a grief but I will help you bear;
I am the Mighty God and I the All-Sufficient One,
Oh, bring to Me your every need, trust, and the work is done.

I'll be a Father unto you: you are My child, My heir,
What that may mean you'll never know till you My glory share;
All of My fulness now is yours: in ages yet to come
You'll see the wonders of My love, the grace that led you home.

Lord, I can only praise Thee now, I cannot comprehend
Thy wondrous grace, that can to such as I so condescend;
But since I know that Thou art love, so faithful and so true,
I'll trust Thee when Thou sayst: I'll be a Father unto you.

"I Can of Mine Own Self Do Nothing."

John v. 30.

"I can of Mine own self do nothing," what wonderful words were they
For the holy, well-beloved Son, the equal with God, to say:
He sought but His Father's glory, He sought but His Father's will;
He spake as His Father taught Him, He wrought God's works to fulfill.

And we seek our own way and honor, our pleasure, our ease, and act
As if we were self-sufficient, when we're nothing at all, in fact:
May we learn in humiliation the lesson we so much need,
That our God alone is sufficient, that He is our all indeed.

"I can of mine own self do nothing!" how much do we need to say
These words with intensest fervor, and repeat them every day;
And then we can add with rejoicing these words of His servant Paul:
"Through Christ, who will help and strengthen me, I know that I can do all."

Yes, "the excellency of th' power is of God and not of us;"
And the glory belongeth to Him in whom is our hope and trust.
We never can be impoverished, He will all our need supply;
He's a fountain of living waters, that never runs low nor dry.

I Believe God.

Acts xxvii. 25.

Men criticize God's blessed Book, and say it is not free
From blemishes, and that its words never fulfilled will be;
"Forever, Lord, Thy holy Word is settled up in heaven,"
And I receive it ev'ry whit, just as to me 'tis given—
"I believe God."

Yes, I believe Thee, gracious God, whom else dare I believe
With such implicit confidence? for Thou canst not deceive;
Only that which is from above is right, and good, and pure,
And so on Thee I will rely, for Thou art ever sure;
"I believe God."

From what perplexes me and grieves, I turn, my God, to Thee,
The ever true and faithful One, now and eternally;
Thou art the Anchor of my soul, a Rock beneath my feet,
And I can say in peace and joy, this sentence, clear and sweet:
"I believe God."

I say it o'er and o'er again—it does me good to say
This word of faith when sight is dim, and I see not my way;
Oh! say it with me when no light of sun nor stars appear,
And no small tempest lay on Thee, "Fear not, be of good cheer—
"I believe God."

I may not always understand why this or that be so,
It is enough my Father knows the way by which I go;
And sometime I will clearly see, and knowing all, will praise,
The leadings of His providence, His goodness all my days.
"I believe God."

Why do we need an earthly prop, on which to place our trust?
Why do we need an arm of flesh, since God is ours and just?
And since His love is infinite, like the unfathomed sea,
Why do we not, with child-like trust, say, as to Him we flee,
"I believe God."

We'll say it when the sky is clear, and we have naught to fear;
We'll say it when the tempests rage, and all seems dark and drear;
We'll say it when, with taunting voice, men would deride God's Word.
Say it at all times and rejoice to rest upon our Lord—
"I believe God."

I Am a Debtor, I Am Ready.

Romans i: 14, 15.

I am debtor to the many who of God have never heard,
For whom Jesus Christ has suffered, yet who've not His precious Word;
They are groping on in darkness, not a ray of hope in sight,
They are perishing and dying, while for them is joy and light:
From a child I've known the Gospel, and its message full and free
Is for all who will accept it—it would bless them, has blest me.
Shall I tell it or withhold it? Shall I spread it far and wide,
That there's hope for any sinner, just because the Saviour died?

Yes, I'm debtor to the heathen. I've been blessed and I will tell
How the Lord of life and glory died to rescue them from hell;
How His blood is all their safety, how His blood is all their plea;
How He will redeem the sinner who to Him for help will flee.

If I should withhold the Gospel when I know it, should not I
Of the sinner's blood be guilty, if for want of light he die?
Lord in heaven, grant me favor, give me grace the truth to speak,
Let me tell or send the message—Jesus came the lost to seek.

Make me ready, every ready, in as much as in me lies,
To proclaim God's love and mercy, even at a sacrifice:
If I cannot go and tell them, I can send them those who will,
And in doing so Christ's purpose I am sure I will fulfill—
For He said unto His loved ones, "Go ye into all the world,
Preach the Gospel of salvation, let My banner be unfurled."
So I'll go or send the message, and for those who go I'll pray,
For I'm debtor to the many, and I'm ready to obey.

"In Whom We Have Obtained an Inheritance."

Ephesians i: 11.

Mine may not be a liberal share of worldly goods—it matters not;
Since God has well reserved for me a richer part, a better lot:
In Christ is my inheritance, unknown, unfathomed, vast and great,
Beyond the reach of human thought, beyond the bounds of earth's estate.

A foretaste I have now below, for in Him fulness dwells for me,
And He will all Himself bestow, I've but to take and I shall see;
Then over yonder in that land whose walls and streets are gems and gold,
I have a share, for I'm joint heir with Him to glories all untold.

Why should I strive for that for which the mad world strives in breathless haste?
Earth's riches last a few short years, mine know no end, decay nor waste;
Earth's wealth can never satisfy, Christ satisfies me every day.
Ah, yes! mine is the better part, with joy and gratitude I say.

So when I see earth's favored ones— the wicked—prospering here below,
Not troubled as the godly are, living alone for self and show;
I still my heart, and look beyond, the morning cometh on apace;
'Tis then I shall inherit all and see my Saviour face to face.

J-esus O-wns Y-ou.

What is joy amid earth's sadness,
  When griefs press, and cares annoy?
Hark! there comes a note of gladness,
  Jesus owns you, this is joy;
Jesus owns you, fellow-Christian,
  You are bought with blood Divine;
Not your own, but His forever,
  So unto His glory shine.

Jesus owns you, He will ever
  Guard His own with tenderest care;
So be quiet, meek, submissive,
  Till at length His rest you share.
Nought can harm you, none can touch you,
  He is watching from above;
And He never sleeps nor faileth,
  He in all His ways is love.

Jesus owns you, tell the story
  From a happy, grateful heart;
Live each day unto His glory,
  And with evil have no part.
Wondrous grace that He should ever
  Choose such creatures for His own;
But since He in love has done it,
  Live unto your God alone.

Thus you'll find a bright new meaning
  In the blessed name of Joy,
And the fact that *Jesus owns you*
  Will give zest to earth's employ:
Making it akin to heaven
  Where their joy is serving Him
Who is "altogether lovely,"
  And whose glories ne'er grow dim.

Knowing Him.

Phil. iii: 10.

Other knowledge is as nothing
  When compared with knowing Him;
Earthly splendor, pomp and glitter,
  All before His charms grow dim:
Even human love the purest
  Fades before the love Divine;
He is wonderfully glorious,
  And His beauty is sublime.

Thoughts of man, however lofty,
  Cannot grasp this mighty theme;
Only by the Spirit's teaching
  Can we catch the faintest gleam.
While the world by wisdom knows not,
  It is to the lowly heart
Which believes, receives and loves Him,
  That He will Himself impart.

And if we would know Him closely,
  We must tread the path He trod;
Scorn and sorrow, shame and suffering,
  Full obedience unto God.
Leaving all dead things and persons,
  Being steadfast 'mid the strife;
Then we'll come to know the meaning
  Of a resurrection life.

Blessed knowledge, thus to know Him
  And His resurrection power;
Even though it be through suffering,
  To His death conformed each hour.
Though we see not now our Saviour,
  Some glad day, through His great grace,
We'll fully know Him, and be like Him
  When we see Him face to face.

"Made Nigh By the Blood.

Ephesians ii: 13.

Oh! hear the blessed words God speaks, so comforting, so true,
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass over you;
The judgment that was due your sin I've put upon My Son,
And on you placed His righteousness—from henceforth you are one.

It was not always thus, for once we were from God afar;
"But now" in Christ, our Living Head, how very near we are;
It is the blood that makes us nigh, the precious blood He shed,
He took our place, He bare our curse, He suffered in our stead.

It is the blood alone that makes atonement for the soul:
Without it nothing could avail to cleanse and make us whole;
It gives us peace and fellowship and joy that none can know
Save they who feel their sinfulness, and to the fountain go.

The blood is all our safety now, and it shall be our song,
When by His grace we join on high the holy, heavenly throng;
For nothing else can make us meet His blessed face to see,
And share the glories of His home to all eternity.

My Lord and I.

Hosea iii: 3.

"Thou shalt abide for Me,
So will I be for thee."
This message unto one of old, comes like a glad refrain;
I know that I may claim it, too, so say it o'er again;
It is so good that Thou shouldst ask for such a one as I,
Thy love to me is wonderful, since for me Thou didst die.

"Thou shalt abide for Me,
So will I be for thee."
Yes, Lord, I gladly answer Thee, I'm ever Thine alone,
And would not make a friend of those who'll not Thy Lordship own;
The world, with all its glittering charms, can no attractions give,
Because for Thee, who art lovlier and better far, I live.

"Thou shalt abide for Me,
So will I be for thee."
I bring my little self to thee, no costly gift I bring,
And straightway all Thy wealth and grace Thou givest, heavenly King;
I offer Thee my tiny cup, Thy fulness then is mine,
The finest of the wheat and oil, the choicest of the wine.

"Thou shalt abide for Me,
So will I be for thee."
I am a vessel for Thy use, but all the power, Lord,
And glory, too, is ever Thine, for which be Thou adored;
I am the humble instrument, Thine is the master hand,
Which all the melodies of love can waken at command.

"Thou shalt abide for Me,
So will I be for thee."
Oh! blessed fellowship most sweet, like that of heaven above!
A bliss which no one else can know but those who taste Thy love;
A friendship which shall e'er endure, for shall not I abide
For Thee throughout eternity, my Saviour, Friend and Guide?

"My God Shall Supply All Your Need."

Phil. iv: 19.

This precious promise is for you if you can claim as child a share
Of all your heavenly Father's wealth, your Father's love, your Father's care;
You need not look around for help, but, rather, learn alone to look
To God, who loves to give and who in need has never yet forsook.
Though earthly streams should all run dry, my God shall all your need supply.

According to His wondrous wealth, His riches in the glory land,
The vastness of whose boundless store He places now at your command,
You cannot think or ask too much, you never can exhaust that store;
And if you're children, you are heirs, joint-heirs with Christ forevermore.
So now for everything apply to God, who'll *all* your need supply.

He feeds the ravens when they lack, He notes the tiny sparrow's fall;
He clothes the lilies of the field—will He not hear your faintest call?
You are His child, His chosen one, the special object of His love,
And as you look to Him for aid, He'll succor from His home above.
Yes, He will answer when you cry, my God shall all *your* need supply.

You may not know just what you need—God in His wisdom knoweth best;
And as He sees, He'll do for you, and answer all His child's request;
It may not be the thing you ask, it may not be what you desire;
But it will be His very best, and it will be what you require.
So on His judgment still rely, my God shall all your *need* supply.

"My Grace Is Sufficient for Thee."

2 Corinthians xii: 9.

My grace, oh, My child, is sufficient for thee—
The words, sweet and low, are a solace to me;
The voice of my blessed Redeemer above,
Revealing His tenderness, pity and love.
Ah, yes! I will trust Him and not be afraid,
And rest in the truth which to me He has said.

God's grace is sufficient in sorrow's dark hour,
His grace in our weakness will give strength and power,
Will give us, in trial, affliction and grief,
The peace of the Lord, which alone brings relief;
And we will be kept in a calm and a rest,
Because He sustains us, and makes us most blest.

God's grace is sufficient—'tis all that we need;
The world cannot help us—its husks cannot feed;
Its pleasures are fleeting; its gold is but dross;
Its comforts are empty; its gain is but loss.
Oh, test Him and prove Him! His promise is sure!
His grace is sufficient, and we are secure.

He may not take from us the thorn or the cross,
We may still feel our weakness, and still suffer loss;
But His presence will comfort and satisfy us,
And under the shade of His wings we can trust,
As He whispers, "My grace is sufficient for thee,"
And we answer, Yes, Lord, we have proved it to be.

"My Soul, Wait Thou Only Upon God."

Psalm lxii. 5.

My soul, wait only on the Lord,
Cling ever to His faithful Word;
He's worthy of thy trust; and He,
As thou shalt wait, will work for thee.
His love unfailing will not end,
He is thy best, thy truest Friend.

My soul, wait only on the Lord,
No other can such help afford;
'Tis vain to trust a human reed—
'Twill bend or break in time of need;
But none who only wait to see
God's power shall disappointed be.

My soul, wait only on the Lord,
Because with Him all grace is stored;
To Him all wealth and strength are given,
All power in earth and power in heaven—
Why look around for earthly aid,
Since He to thee all things is made?

Learn thou to take to Him in prayer
Each daily need, and leave it there,
Assured that He will well provide
For those who 'neath His shelter hide;
And that He'll never come too late
To those who do with patience wait.

So e'en if sometimes sight be dim,
My expectation be from Him,
My gaze be fixed on things above,
My hope be anchored in His love;
And trusting His unchanging Word,
My soul, wait only on the Lord.

Meet for the Master's Use.

2 Timothy ii: 20, 21.

Oh! to be meet for the use of the Master,
  Purged from defilement, made holy and clean;
Emptied of self, and then filled with His Spirit,
  That in us only God's glory be seen;
Nothing to hinder the fellowship holy,
  Which we may have with the Father and Son;
Walking in light, and rejoicing in knowing,
  That with Him ever through grace we are one.

Oh! to be meet for the use of the Master,
  Fitted for service as He seeth best;
That so unhindered His life may flow through us,
  Sinners be rescued, and weary ones blest.
Kept for the Master, obedient and ready,
  Doing His will from a glad, loving heart;
Owning Him Lord, not our own any longer,
  Nothing to sever us, nothing to part.

Oh! to be meet for the use of the Master,
  This is an honor the highest on earth;
Humbly we crave it, while others are seeking,
  Only man's honor of so little worth.
Oh! to be vessels kept just for the Master,
  Others more costly, more polished may be;
We are but earthen, and this is the reason,
  That in us only God's power they see.

Vessels of mercy prepared unto glory,
  Chosen in Christ, through God's wonderful love,
Here for His service, His praise and His pleasure,
  Then with Him ever in rapture above.
Blest be His name for this privilege, this honor,
  Lord grant that ever it ours may be;
Till earthly service is ended, then yonder,
  We shall be like Thee, and Thy beauty see.

Not Now, But Hereafter.

John xiii: 7.

Not now, but hereafter, shall all things be known,
And all of God's wonderful workings be shown;
All mysteries will fade in the light of that land,
All doubts will be settled, and we understand
Why ill was permitted, why God's ways seemed slow,
And the path was so rough that our feet had to go.

Not now, but hereafter, all things will be plain,
The sweet and the bitter, the loss and the gain;
In the light of His presence we clearly will trace
What now seems so wrong was but infinite grace,
And how all things here were but working for good,
God's beautiful plan, but not now understood.

Yes, God now is working His soverign will
With wonderful patience and wisdom and skill,
Preparing a place and a mansion above,
Preparing us for them in tenderest love,
And His work is perfect, and so is His way,
Then let us rest quietly, trusting each day.

Not now, but hereafter, when we are like Him,
And the scales have been taken from eyes now so dim,
When we view all our journey and scan all our way,
With praise, adoration and wonder we'll say—
I see and I know and I thank Him for all,
My precious Redeemer, at whose feet I fall.

"No Man Save Jesus Only."

Matthew xvii: 8.

"Jesus only" for salvation, is our all sufficient plea,
Nothing but His blood can cleanse us, blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Though our sins be great and countless, He has full atonement made,
And we stand in Him accepted, not condemned and not afraid.

"Jesus only" when temptations come against us in their might,
And we stand perplexed and baffled in the hottest of the fight,
Jesus then will come to succor, He will make our spirits free;
He is able, He has conquered, He will give the victory.

"Jesus only" when afflictions roll like billows o'er our soul,
And we cry in pain and anguish for a hand to make us whole;
Then He stoops to bless and comfort, pitying us as no one can,
For in all things it behooved Him to be made like us a man.

"Jesus only" mid our sunshine can true light and joy afford,
For there's naught can give us blessing like the presence of the Lord;
He the source of every bounty, from His hand all good proceeds,
And His smile is heaven beginning, while His grace supplies our needs.

"Jesus only" be the object of our daily service here,
May we ever live to please Him, He of all to us most dear;
May He mould us, teach us, use us, as to Him e'er seemeth best,
And to Him shall be our service till He gives us heavenly rest.

He alone of all is worthy, may we see none else beside,
As our Saviour, Strength and Comfort, as our Master, Helper, Guide,
He alone of all is worthy, we behold Him as our King,
Perfect Man and perfect Servant, Lord of all, His praises sing:
And when we shall reach the glory, and His beauty fully see,
It will then be "Jesus only" through a glad eternity.

"Not in Vain."

1 Cor. xv: 58.

Not in vain your life for Jesus, not in vain your self-denial;
Not in vain the word of kindness, not in vain the pleasant smile;
Not in vain the secret service, known only to the Lord,
Unto Him alone you've done it, and He'll give a full reward.

God is watching, God is weighing, all your footsteps day by day;
Every thought and every purpose, all you do and all you say;
And the Lord is not unrighteous to forget your work of love,
He has seen and will remember—all the record stands above.

Here you may not see the harvest, which has come from seed you've sown;
Yours has only been the planting, others pluck the flowers full blown;
Sow in faith—yea, trust the Master, it will not return unblest;
After sowing comes the fruitage, after toil the joy of rest.

In the resurrection morning, after earthly tears and pain,
Multiplied unto God's glory, you will see your seed again;
Souls perhaps will greet and thank you for some help which you have given;
And the knowledge that you've blessed them will enhance the joy of heaven.

Therefore be ye steadfast, faithful, always laboring for the Lord;
Live with reference to the judgment, to your crown and your reward:
As you sow, you'll reap, remember, an eternal loss or gain;
And the least you do for Jesus, you will find is not in vain.

"Not You: But God."

Genesis xlv: 8.

There are trials to meet, temptations to face,
A prize to be won at the end of the race,
And you cannot conquer except by God's grace:
Not you, not you: but God.

There's a work to do in the Master's name,
There are souls to rescue from sin and shame,
But He has a power which you may claim,
And all is nought without God.

Yes, He is able and willing to do
In your weakness, a wondrous work through you,
That the ones who see may acknowledge, too—
That it is not you: but God.

Not you who can overcome any sin,
Not you who the victory at length will win,
Not you, but the life of Christ within—
Not you, not you: but God.

Not you who the burdens of life must bear,
There's Another each work and each cross to share,
Whose presence will bless you everywhere—
Not you, not you: but God.

Be not perplexed by the trials you meet,
When the way seems lonely and rough to your feet,
Then say it softly and often repeat:
This comes to me from God.

Oh! just to remember that all is planned
By the loving care of a Father's hand,
And that what you do not quite understand
Is ordered for you by God.

It is thus your life shall be calm and bright,
And thus shall you see that the way is right;
'Tis thus you shall conquer through His great might—
Not you, not you; but God.

Our Returning Lord.

Revelation xxii: 12.

We are waiting for the coming of our Saviour for His own,
For His Bride elect and chosen, who shall share His joy, His throne;
Sin and sorrow all around us, nay, within our very heart,
Make us long for the glad summons which shall bid us hence depart.

We are waiting for His coming, longing for the joyful day,
Yet not idly dreaming, looking, frittering our time away;
There is much perhaps, of service which remains for us to do,
Ere we gain His commendation, "Well done, servant good and true."

'Tis not death for which we're sighing, but the coming of the Lord;
Death means pain and separation, but His coming means reward:
Rapture, resurrection, blessing, bright reunions, perfect bliss,
When we'll bear His glorious image—oh! should not we long for this?

Rouse, ye saints, the morn is nearing; soon will Christ be on His way.
See the signs of His appearing, heralds of the coming day;
Now is your salvation nearer than when first you did believe.
Be of those who, when He cometh, shall a full reward receive.

One With Christ.

John xiv: 20.

Oh, glorious thought, oh, wondrous truth, my Lord and I
are one;
I'm saved by His most precious blood, accepted in the Son;
In Him I died, in Him arose, I praise Him and adore,
That, death and judgment past, I am alive for evermore.

Chosen in Him in ages past, that I should holy be,
Then I am sure His blessed will shall be fulfilled in me;
And that some day, with joy and praise, without a spot and
fair,
I'll be just like my risen Lord, and all His glory share.

What matter if the road be rough? I share His sufferings
here.
What matter if the path be steep? I have no cause for fear:
Since we are one, what touches me, touches my Lord as
well,
And nothing e'er can injure me in heaven or earth or hell.

Our treatment in the world below, our destiny is one,
And it is wonderful to know that, as God loves the Son,
So He, too, loveth me, His child, and, oh, it is so sweet
To know that, while in self I'm weak, in Him I am complete.

I am a portion of Christ's Bride, our marriage day will come,
When, clothed in bridal garments pure, He'll take me to His
home.
I'm waiting for that happy time, and daily do I pray
That my dear Lord may call for me, "Rise, love, and come
away."

Yes, in the New Jerusalem, He'll own me for His own;
I am joint heir with Him to all, and I shall share His throne;
Such honor mine, oh, may I here on earth ne'er cause Him
shame,
But every day walk worthily and glorify His name.

"Redeemed."

Galatians iii: 13.

Redeemed! 'tis a wonderful story; I love to proclaim it so well;
But never 'till home in the glory can I of its fulness half tell.
I was lost and afar from my Saviour, He sought me in tenderest love,
And when I was helpless and hopeless, He won me and drew me above.

He stood in my place as a ransom, He bore all my guilt on the tree,
From the curse of the law He redeemed me, and now by His blood I am free.
I am free from the law's condemnation, but purchased at infinite cost,
I belong to the Lord and His service, who sought and redeemed me when lost.

Henceforth I am His and His only, His service is all my delight,
And I long above all things to please Him, and so be approved in His sight;
I know I can never repay Him, nor thank Him for what He has done,
But I want to tell others of Jesus, so that some souls to Him might be won.

Oh, sinner, accept of the Saviour! You're helpless without Him and lost!
And nought you can do will avail you—receive what He gives without cost.
Since He has for you been accursed, and offers you pardon and peace,
Just take the great gift which He gives you, and so shall your strivings all cease.

Then you can proclaim with rejoicing, I'm redeemed by th' Lamb's precious blood;
I have *heard,* now I *know* by experience, what it is to believe on the Lord.
Redeemed! 'Tis a wonderful story! I love to repeat it so well;
But never till home in the glory can I of its fulness half tell.

Remembering the Way.

Deuteronomy viii.

"Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led,"
How He hath suffered thee to want and then with manna fed;
How He hath tried and proved to see if thou wouldst keep or not
All His commandments unto thee, or if thou hadst forgot.

"Thou shalt remember all the way" throughout the bygone years,
How, walking through the wilderness, sometimes with doubts and fears,
His gracious and His faithful hand e'er guarded thee and kept;
And How His loving, watchful eye in vigil never slept.

"Thou shalt remember all the way," when dangers threatened sore,
Serpents and scorpions and drought, yet safe forevermore
Within the secret place of God, sheltered beneath His wing,
Thou wast preserved from enemies and every harmful thing.

"Thou shalt remember all the way," thou could not understand
When God in mercy chastened thee by His almighty hand;
When thorns sprang up within thy path, when winding was the road,
When oft He led thee round about, to bring thee near to God.

"Thou shalt remember all the way," thou knowest now 'twas best;
It led thee through the wilderness to Canaan, land of rest;
For now thy God is bringing thee unto a goodly land,
Where there is no lack of anything, extol His mighty hand.

"Beware that thou forget not Him, who is the Lord thy God;"
Let not thy heart he lifted up, but keep His every word;
All that thou hast is from His hand, and thou art His to-day,
Who led and fed with tenderest love; "remember all the way."

"Surely I Come Quickly."

Revelation xxii: 20.

This the rest 'mid all earth's turmoil, this the balm 'mid all
the pain;
This the joy amid our sorrow: Christ is coming back again.
Coming surely, coming quickly, it is but a little while
Till we hear His voice so tender, till we see His loving smile.

He will hush earth's tribulation, He will make her wars to
cease;
Bring in everlasting justice, bring in everlasting peace:
It is not for death we're waiting, but for Him who then will
bring
Life, and health, and joy, and blessing, earth's exalted, holy
King.

Though the world's long night grows darker, and His coming
seems so late;
Soon will be a glorious dawning—let us, then, with patience
wait.
We are longing, we are listening, for His coming from afar;
Oh! how we shall love to greet Him, Christ, our bright and
Morning Star.

If earth's future be so glorious, what will then be yours and
mine,
When we bear His blessed image, and within His kingdom
shine:
When with Him for endless ages we shall have the highest
place,
Reigning with Him, one forever, gazing always on His face?

We have now His word of promise cheering us from day to
day,
And we know He will not fail us, so we trust and hope and
pray:
As we hear Him saying to us, "Surely I will quickly come;"
Gladly, lovingly, we answer, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come."

Substitution.

Galatians iii: 13.

Lo, the curse of God was on Him as He hung upon the tree,
Bearing all my great transgression, bearing all my penalty;
He, the spotless, pure and holy, felt the hiding of God's face;
I, the sinner, am acquitted, and can now draw nigh through grace.

Yes, my blessed Saviour suffered condemnation, death and pain:
Where the wrath of God has fallen it can never fall again;
So I'll hide me 'neath the shadow of the cross whereon He bore
All my sin and condemnation, freeing me forevermore.

Where the fire has spent its fury, there's no more that it can burn;
Since the price is paid, there's freedom, if I'll not the offer spurn.
Where the curse has wreaked its vengeance it can work no further loss—
There's one place where nought can harm me: 'tis beneath the Saviour's cross.

So with praise and adoration, wondering at His marvelous grace,
I accept the great salvation, humbly, gladly take my place:
Christ my Lord has now redeemed me, having once for me been slain—
Where the wrath of God has fallen, it can never fall again.

"Set Apart for Himself."

Psalm iv: 3.

"Set apart for Himself," through His infinite grace,
Not because we are worthy the privilege or place.
Set apart from the world, from its ways and its wiles,
Not fearing its frowns, nor beguiled by its smiles,
While living within it, kept free from its snare
By that power petitioned for us in Christ's prayer.

"Set apart for Himself," by the mark of the blood,
Redeemed, washed and purchased, kept wholly for God;
Not our own any longer, but this our great joy
That the Master can ever such vessels employ;
By our life and our service, His praises we'd show,
For His use and His pleasure wherever we go.

"Set apart for Himself." Yes, the Master doth seek
Not the mighty of earth, but the lowly and weak,
That we might the better His goodness proclaim,
His riches of grace, and His excellent name;
We're chosen because of His wonderful love,
For fellowship here, and for glory above.

"Set apart for Himself," as His witnesses here,
His lost ones to rescue, His burdened to cheer,
His weary to comfort, His children to bless,
And tell them the way that we have found rest;
His Word to proclaim to the many around
Who never as yet may have heard its glad sound.

"Set apart for Himself," as His treasures most rare,
"Set apart for Himself," for His own special care;
Though we have to suffer awhile here below,
'Tis only that through us more glory He'd show;
And even when suffering, the light of His face
He'll lift up upon us, and give us His grace.

"Set apart for Himself," yes, I know I'm His own,
My being His temple, my heart is His throne,
I ever would follow wherever He lead,
Assured His grace will supply all my need:
I yield Him my body, my spirit, my soul,
May He fill all the temple, and ever control.

The Ministry of Suffering.

'There's an angel in that marble," thus an ancient sculptor spoke,
Then with skilful hand and patient, fashioned he it, stroke by stroke.
Others saw the stone, rough-hewn, passed it by untouched, unsought;
Till the sculptor with his chisel thus a thing of beauty wrought.

Here and there he struck the marble, now with force and then again
Gently, almost with caressing, lest he cause it needless pain;
And it grew, that form so heavenly, as the roughness passed away;
Till the world, with awe and wonder, saw its finished grace one day.

God the Sculptor sees a marble: 'tis rough-hewn and so unsought;
But He knows that when 'tis purchased and in it His grace has wrought,
He can fashion it to beauty, for He has a Model rare;
'Tis the image of the Saviour, glorious, beautiful and fair.

So He buys the stone unsightly, works with skill, and power, and grace;
Ever keeps in view the Model—'tis the glory in Christ's face:
When He takes His tool of suffering, stroke on stroke will surely fall,
Sometimes gently, and then heavier—'tis because it needs them all;

Till at length one day in glory it will stand complete and grand,
While the universe will wonder at its place on His right hand:
Bought with blood, conformed through suffering to the image of His Son;
All of God, to whom be glory, for He all the work has done.

None will think to praise the marble; but the Sculptor's wondrous skill;
None will think to grieve that sorrow thus wrought out His blessed will;
And the form, far more than angel, then shall shine with beauty fair;
While Creator and created shall together glory share.

"They Two Went On."

2 Kings ii: 6.

There is a blessed fellowship, surpassing aught below,
Give me in all its fulness this fellowship to know;
That like the ancient prophets together we may walk,
And of the things eternal in sweet agreement talk.

The road may be so narrow that only two can go,
Sometimes be rough and thorny, but Master, be it so—
If only we're together and never parted be,
I'm glad, my dear Lord Jesus, I'll go along with Thee.

I would not leave Thee ever for anything beside,
There's naught in earth or heaven that can our hearts divide,
Because Thy love eternal will always me enfold,
That love which is so wonderful, it never can be told.

The world outside, deriding, can never understand,
The secrets which Thou tellest me, the leadings of Thy hand;
But if I hear Thee speaking, what matter if they sneer?
Thy voice sounds all the sweeter, Thy blessed voice so dear.

Thou, Lord, alone art worthy. I wonder Thou shouldst choose
For Thy companion such a one as I, to love and use;
But as we know each other better from day to day,
Oh! may I grow more like Thee in character, I pray.

And so we'll go together until the journey's end,
I, ransomed, loved, protected, by Thee, my Lord and Friend;
And then, my precious Saviour, we evermore shall be
Together in the glory, throughout eternity.

"The Morning Cometh, and Also the Night."

Isaiah xxi: 12.

The morning is coming, that beautiful morning,
  When sorrow shall cease, and when shadows shall flee;
When our Saviour shall come, and when we shall behold Him,
  And be ever like Him, immortal and free.
To us there ariseth the Bright Star of Morning,
  To herald the close of our long earthly night;
Then let us be watchful and not sleep as others,
  Since we are the children of God and of light.

But to those who refuse to accept of the Saviour
  There is nothing reserved but a midnight of gloom;
The darkness is deepening, for night is approaching,
  The world rushes on to its terrible doom.
They turn from the Lord, the true Light God has given,
  The god of this world hath so blinded their eyes
They cannot discern the blest light of the Gospel,
  Nor see any treasure beyond in the skies.

Yes, morning is coming, and also the darkness—
  To which, oh! my friend, are you hastening to-day?
For you is there waiting a death everlasting
  Or a crown of rejoicing, that fades not away?
Oh! what will it profit though you should be able
  To gain all this world, with its glitter and show,
To taste all its pleasures, receive all its honors,
  If in darkness the loss of your soul you shall know?

And what does it matter, afflicted believer,
  Though sorrow and trial your portion now be?
'Tis only a little while; wait for the morning,
  Then singing, and gladness, and glory you'll see.
The deeper the suffering, the greater the glory;
  The harder the labor, the sweeter the rest;
Have faith in God's teaching, He's wise and He's loving,
  The way He is leading is surely the best.

"That the Power of Christ May Rest Upon Me."

2 Corinthians xii: 9.

I'm nothing, and can nothing do without Thy power on me,
And so I yield my body, soul and spirit, Lord, to Thee;
Come, work within Thy willing child, do what Thou sees best,
Only may'st Thou be glorified, and souls through me be blest.

I am an earthen vessel, so the power all is Thine:
May others see the life I live is Thy dear life divine;
If I were strong, or brave, or wise, I might be counted great,
But now I've nought to glory in save in my low estate.

And in the blessed truth that Thou canst use and work in me,
And that my nothingness but proves Thine opportunity,
So that which otherwise would seem to hinder me may aid
To draw me nearer to Thy side, where nought can make afraid.

Thy strength is shown in weakness, and Thou knowest, Lord, how weak,
How powerless I am, and so, my Lord, Thy strength I seek;
Infirmity, distress, reproach, the things which I count loss,
Teach me through them to show Thy grace, the power of Thy cross.

In greatest weakness, greatest strength, and greatest glory lies;
So I necessity and shame would nevermore despise;
I hear Thee saying unto me, "Sufficient is My grace,
Oh, weary child, for every need, for every time and place."
Lord, I accept Thy precious gift, just now to Thee I cry—
I'm needy! Help Thou me! Dear Lord, upon Thee I rely.

"The Voice of My Beloved."

Song of Solomon ii: 8:-13.

'Tis the voice of my Beloved—lo, He cometh o'er the hills,
And my heart goes out to meet Him, listening as my being thrills
To His accents, soft and tender, full of gladness and of love:
"Rise, My fair one; come, I'm calling thee to joys prepared above.

Lo, the winter time is over, earth's long winter, dark and drear,
And the rain has passed and gone, flowers now for thee appear;
'Tis the time of joy and singing, time of tender fruit and sweet—
Rise, My love, for I am calling; rise and come My steps to greet."

And I answer, Yes, I'm coming; 'tis so wonderful to know
That Thou shouldst for me be calling, and such love on me bestow.
It has seemed a long time, Saviour, since Thou went to heaven away,
Saying Thou wouldst come and take me to Thyself again some day.

Thou art chiefest of ten thousand, Thou art altogether fair,
It is marvellous, my Saviour, that I shall Thy glory share,
That I shall be with and like Thee, joint heir of Thy joys to come,
When Thou hast my mansion ready, and shalt come to take me home.

Yes, Thou'rt coming, my Beloved, and the joy which speeds Thy feet,
As Thou hasteth o'er the mountains, seems to me so wondrous sweet.
As I listen to Thy message, "Rise, My love, and come away,"
I reply, I'm robed and waiting for the happy bridal day.

The New Jerusalem.

Revelation xxi and xxii.

Great Golden City, pure and bright and holy,
  The New Jerusalem, our future home;
Whose walls are jasper, and whose gates are pearls,
  And into which no evil thing can come:
Tongue cannot tell, and thought can never picture,
  The loveliness and glory of the place;
But better far than all the jewelled splendor,
  We know that there we'll see the Saviour's face.

Beneath its walls, we read, are twelve foundations,
  In each of which is an apostle's name;
And on each pearly gate a tribe of Israel
  Shall by its title His great grace proclaim:
But in our foreheads shall God's name be written,
  That blessed name which we now so adore;
For ours shall be the highest honor given,
  And we shall serve Him fully evermore.

No temple there. God and the Lamb the temple,
  And they the radiance of the Holy Place;
While from their throne shall flow a crystal river,
  The banks of which the Tree of Life shall grace.
No sin, no curse, no night, no death, no sorrow,
  No unclean thing shall ever enter there;
But every soul blood-washed who now accepts Him,
  Shall by His grace have right His joy to share.

Yes, this the only title to that city,
  Christ's blood must wash us, and must make us white;
Ere we can hope to pass its guarded portals,
  Or hear its music, or behold its light:
But if in Him accepted and forgiven ,
  Know He has gone to fit for us a home;
Eye hath not see, ear heard, nor heart conceived of
  The things we shall inherit, when He come.

Then, weary ones amid earth's tribulations,
  Its tears and weariness, its sin and care,
Look up by faith, and see the Holy City,
  And know that you shall reign with Christ up there.
Bear yet a little longer your afflictions,
  He knoweth best how to prepare and fit
You for the glory, and the glory for you,
  His happy home for you, and you for it.

Treasures in Heaven.

Matthew vi: 19-21.

Each act of unselfishness, each word of kindness,
  Each thought of benevolence, each deed of love,
If done in His name and as unto the Master,
  Is a treasure that surely will meet you above.
Each day and each hour you may add to this treasure,
  Until there awaits you a wonderful store,
To surprise and delight when at length in the glory
  You behold that which surely will fade nevermore.

The good you have done God will multiply greatly,
  The seed you have sown will to ripe fruitage come;
And you will find yonder a bountiful harvest,
  And souls that are waiting to welcome you home.
You may have forgotten, but God will remember;
  He keepeth the records, unerring and true;
And there some day, Christian, you'll find He has waiting
  A glorious inheritance laid up for you.

No rust can corrupt it, no thief can despoil it,
  No fraud can deprive you—'tis evermore sure.
Then seek to increase it, the Saviour has bid you,
  Since it is so fadeless, so priceless, so pure.
Earth's treasures are fleeting, they cannot afford you
  The things you must crave in your innermost self;
So seek that which God in His wisdom would give you,
  A heavenly treasure, a heavenly wealth.

Wherever your treasure, there will your affection,
  Your thoughts and your longings, be centered and rest;
And your Father in heaven, with wonderful kindness,
  Is anxious to give you the things which are best.
And so perchance sometimes He'll take, in His goodness,
  The treasures of earth which you prize so and love,
To teach you that only those things are enduring,
  Unfading and true, which await you above.

The Judgment Seat of Christ.

2 Cor. v: 10.

When Christ shall come, we must appear before His judgment seat.
So may we live that we shall then with joy the Saviour meet.
Not for our sins will we be judged, for on the cross He bore
Our penalty for sin: so we are free forevermore.

But as we stand before our Lord, He'll try our works, to see
If we have rendered service true and followed faithfully.
What joy 'twill be to see those work revealed in heaven's light,
Approved by Him who'll say, "Well done; you've lived as in My sight."

But what a grief and shame 'twill be, if grief and shame be there,
To see the works consumed by fire which we had deemed so fair:
All will be stubble, hay and wood, which was not done for Him,
For nothing can abide the fire but gold which naught can dim.

The fairest thing, if not His work, counts nothing in that day;
The smallest act, if done for Him, He surely will repay.
And as His eyes, those eyes of fire, shall search us through to see
The motive and the deed as well, may we accepted be.

What will it matter then if now we be misjudged and blamed,
If only at His judgment seat we are not found ashamed?
What will it matter though we now may miss success on earth?
Naught but His smile will then to us appear of any worth.

Our service at its very best is weak, and poor, and small;
His judgment will be kindly, rich in grace, exceeding all;
And in His kingdom we shall shine and reign with Him, our Lord,
For He'll appoint our places, and will give us rich regard.
Oh! for the grace to live each day with ever this in view:
Before Christ's judgment seat I'll give account for all I do.

"The Morning Cometh."

Isaiah xxi: 12.

The morning cometh quickly: it draweth on apace,
That blessed cloudless morning when we shall see His face;
When free from sin and sorrow we evermore shall be,
When glorified together we'll reign eternally.

The morning cometh surely: things may look very drear,
'Tis always so before the dawn. Look up, be of good cheer:
For He is surely coming, the Bright and Morning Star,
Already signs appearing show He is not afar.

The morning cometh, Christian, and thou art of the day.
No night nor gloom awaiteth thee, but one long golden ray.
Improve the time remaining, the Gospel quickly tell,
And snatch with loving pity lost souls from death and hell.

The morning cometh, sinner, but, oh! 'tis not for thee.
To thee there naught remaineth but night and misery.
Oh! turn thou now, repenting and calling upon God,
Accept the sinner's Saviour, and tread the heavenward road.

Ah, yes! the morning cometh! We joy that it is so!
Each day it draweth nearer; waiting, we onward go!
And some bright day He'll call us, "Rise, love and come away,"
And we will gladly answer, and with Him be alway.

"They Cannot Recompense—Thou Shalt Be Recompensed."

Luke xiv: 14.

They cannot repay you, the poor and the blind,
The meek and the lowly, to whom you are kind;
But you shall be blessed, and on that glad day
When the Lord shall return, He will surely repay.

You may never know here all the good you have done,
The hearts you have cheered and the souls you have won;
Seek not for the thanks of the ones you have blessed,
Seek only to please the dear Lord—that is best.

You did it because of your love to the Lord:
He'll surely remember and He will reward;
E'en a cup of cold water He will not forget,
Be patient and wait, recompense is not yet.

They cannot repay you: 'tis better 'tis so,
And the fruitage is sure from the seed which you sow;
It is better to wait till the Morning shall come,
And the Master Himself give a warm welcome home.

Oh! how sweet then to hear from His lips the glad word,
"Come, enter, thou loved one, the joy of thy Lord."
And that joy through the ages will surely be this,
That He used you to gather some others to bliss.

The Blood.

Exodus xii: 13.

The blood of My Son I can never disown—
It will for the sinner most surely atone;
I know you are guilty, and death is your due,
But "when I see the blood, I will pass over you."

The angel of death is abroad in the land,
His sword slays the high and the low at command;
Come, shelter yourselves: vengeance will not pursue—
"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

There's no other safety, there's no other plea,
There's no other refuge whereunto to flee;
The blood, and that only, can safety insure:
The blood, and that only, can cleanse and make pure.

The blood is the token, the blood of the Lamb;
You need not be troubled, but trustful and calm;
If you're sure it is sprinkled, you've nothing to do,
For "when *I see* the blood, I will pass over you."

No soul is in glory save only through this,
The ground of their ransom, the passport to bliss;
And the song they will sing while the ages shall roll,
Is praise for the blood that has ransomed the soul.

Dear Lord, we adore Thee and join in the praise,
And would live to Thy glory the rest of our days;
We know Thy blood cleanseth, we've proved Thy word true,
"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

"Thou Art Mine."

Isaiah xliii: 1.

"Thou are Mine" by right of purchase, bought with My most precious blood:
For My service and My pleasure live thou henceforth unto God.
Only thus will life be richest, as a river full and free,
Blessing all to whom it cometh, causing joy abundantly.

"Thou art Mine," then what befalls thee surely touches Me as well;
Into ears of listening pity thou canst all thy sorrows tell:
And be sure that I will help thee; never trial but I am near,
I will never leave nor fail thee, for thou art to Me most dear.

"Thou art Mine," I have a purpose which I formed long, long ago
For thy life: wilt thou fulfil it, dost thou will to have it so?
'Tis the very kindest purpose, 'tis the best that love could do;
Only yield to Me thy being, all the rest be sure I'll do.

"Thou art Mine," loved, pitied, shielded, none so guarded, none so kept;
While the enemy surrounds thee, I have watched and never slept.
Thou art safe because thou dwellest 'neath the shadow of My wing,
And whatever may befall thee, there thou canst trust Me and sing.

"Thou art Mine" for time, forever, none can pluck thee from My hand;
Some day in yon radiant glory thou wilt know and understand
Something of the love that wooed thee, that unfathomed love Divine,
And wilt praise Me through the ages that I ever choose thee Mine.

"To Take Out of Them a People for His Name."

Acts xv: 14.

God is gathering out a people from each nation, tongue and clime,
Who shall share His name and glory in the blessed coming time;
But He gives to us the privilege of inviting them to come,
And of telling them of pardon, of a welcome and a home.

While the time is passing quickly, there's a work for you, for me,
If at length with great rejoicing we the harvest home would see;
They perhaps have never even heard that Jesus died to give
Full salvation to the sinner, if he will accept and live.

How can we who know his pardon, how can we washed in His blood,
Fail to tell to other sinners of the wondrous love of God?
Some may scoff, disdain and scorn us, some will always hear and heed,
But 'tis ours to bear the message—God's it is to bless the seed.

God is gathering out His people: soon He'll come to claim His own!
What an honor and a privilege we have had will then be shown,
If we can in that glad morning say, with joy, "Lord I have won
Some to Thee who'll shine forever as the brightness of the sun.

I have told them, oh! so feebly, or I've sent them some to tell,
How Thou camest down to save them for Thyself from death and hell;
They were dwelling in the darkness, they had never even heard
Of the Saviour and salvation, or of His most precious Word.

Now they've heard and have accepted, and Thine heart is full of joy,
While my lips are tuned to praises, that Thou didst Thy child employ"——
Saviour, grant that this rejoicing I may learn in that glad day,
That some souls have found salvation just because I showed the way.

The Wheels of Providence.

Ezekiel i.

In time of darkness, sorrow, trial and of captivity,
Ezekiel saw a vision of the glory yet to be;
Attended by the busy wheels, he saw the Cherubim
Going and coming at God's will, intent on serving Him.

And seeing all these glorious things which yet will be fulfilled,
No doubt his heart was comforted, encouraged, taught and stilled;
And we, while waiting for the time so wondrous which he saw,
Can now apply the truths here shown, and comfort from them draw.

God's purposes of love and grace we may not understand,
Yet even now about our path, around on every hand,
Are found the wheels of Providence, the busy, whirling wheels,
Working together for our good, as God in mercy deals.

The wheels are high, so dreadful high: so are God's thoughts to us;
We may not comprehend them all, yet we can surely trust.
The wheels are full of eyes, for God doth nothing blindly do,
And from the start He everything has plainly in His view.

Sometimes they seem to forward go, and sometimes backward move,
But we are sure their course is straight, since all things are in love;
And what may seem adverse to us we yet shall find to be
A wheel within a wheel, that moves and works thus purposely.

Above, upon a glorious throne, controlling all, we see
The One who lives to care for us, the Man of Calvary;
And since we know He orders all, we well may rest content,
Assured, when things look dark to us, they still for good are meant.

While even now God works for us, we wait the time to be
When we, with all our ransomed powers, shall serve Him perfectly:
When to man's intellect we'll add the lion's kingly might,
The ox's much enduring strength, the eagle's keen-eyed flight.

"To Me to Live Is Christ."

Philippians i: 21.

To me to live is Christ, henceforth this be my aim,
To walk with Thee alone, to glorify Thy name;
To see no one but Thee, to hear no voice beside,
But in sweet fellowship and joy, ever with Thee abide.

To me to live is Christ, may those around me see
The life I live is not my own, but Thy life lived in me;
They will not look at Thee—may they detect some trace
In me of Thy great loveliness, and thus behold Thy grace.

To me to live is Christ. Lord, grant that I may be
Meet for the blessed Master's use, a vessel filled with Thee;
And since 'tis not in me to live this life Divine,
Lord, take possession of my soul, and let Thy glory shine.

Thou hast the wondrous power, and Thou dost only seek
An empty vessel for Thy use, kept humble, clean and meek;
Then through this channel may the living waters flow,
Causing new beauty, life and joy, wherever they may go.

Until that blessed day which cometh on apace,
When I shall reach my Father's home, and see Thy blessed face,
Thy name upon my brow, I'll keep the glorious tryst,
And know the fulness of the truth, *to me to live is Christ.*

The Trial of Your Faith.

1 Peter : 6, 7.

The trial of your faith is precious, more precious than that of gold;
Remember there is a "need be" for your testings manifold;
They are "for a season" only, and after they all are past,
You will find they worked God's pleasure, the good which you would have asked.

Have you prayed to th' blessed Saviour for something as yet denied?
Do you think you've needs which His bounty has never as yet supplied?
Do daily problems perplex you, as you wait and call for light?
Do you feel so weak and foolish, as you ask for help and might?

Do your friends misunderstand you, and sometimes laugh you to scorn?
Do you dread the coming morrows, when you may have cause to mourn?
Have you daily need of patience, when the little things go wrong?
And are you sometimes tempted, it may be the whole day long?

Do you long to give more to Him, does the Master say you nay?
Are you disposed to wonder and question His blessed way?
Perhaps in your quiet waitings, while faith is thus sorely tried,
Your fruit may be more abundant, and God better glorified.

For after all,, 'tis fruitage far more than for works which He
Is seeking from all His children, as He says, "Abide in Me."
'Tis faith for which He is looking, and when by the fire 'tis tried,
It will shine with a brighter lustre, and He will be satisfied.

Yes, the trial of your faith is precious, more precious than that of gold;
Though it be tried in a furnace which is heated seven-fold,
For it will be found unto glory, unto honor and unto praise,
When the Master at His appearing shall come at the end of the days.

"Till He Come."

1 Corinthians xi: 26.

It is only a little while, Christian,
  Till labors and troubles shall cease;
And instead of thy heartaches and sorrows,
  There shall be a wonderful peace.
The Saviour is coming to claim thee,
  He now is preparing thy home;
When trials beset thee, oh! whisper
  'Twill only be thus "till He come."

It is only a little while longer
  Thou canst be His witness below,
And prove thou are faithful and loyal,
  That honor to Him thou canst show:
If thou art despised and rejected,
  Perhaps scorned, ill treated by some,
Count it all as a privilege, be only
  Obedient and true "till He come."

It will not be long thou canst serve Him,
  And there is so much to be done!
The weary to help and to comfort,
  And souls for the Lord to be won:
He offers reward for thy service,
  A bright crown by thee may be won,
If only to Him thou art faithful,
  And occupy well "till He come."

"Till He come!" Let us whisper it often,
  And comfort our hearts with the thought;
Let us say it when dear ones are taken,
  And our lfe with bereavement is fraught.
We shall meet them again in the morning,
  They are waiting for us up at home;
Separations and partings are painful,
  But they're only for us "till He come."

"Till He come!" Let us say it with gladness;
  There is comfort and hope in the word;
To think that a little while only,
  Then forever to be with the Lord,
Made perfect and spotless and holy,
  Beholding Him ever at home;
Our hearts cry in glad expectation,
  Come quickly, Lord Jesus, oh! come.

"They Glorified God in Me."

Galatians i: 24.

Am I living at all like Jesus, while bearing the precious name
Of the One who died that I might live—am I bringing Him praise or shame?
Am I living each day like Jesus, am I treading the paths He trod:
Of patience and self-denial, of obedience unto God?

There are those who're looking upon me, and reading me ev'ry day,
As they will not read God's holy Book, noting what I do and say:
And while looking thus upon me, with the critic's eye to see
If I follow my blessed Master, do they glorify God in me?

Do I show in my daily living any likeness unto Him?
Is th' Saviour's beautiful image effaced at all or grown dim?
Has the light that I caught from His glory, to reflect on those who see,
Been obscured by the clouds between us—do they glorify God in me?

Ah, Lord, I own it with sorrow, that I do not live like Thee;
So holy, so good, so gentle, from all sin and blemish free;
But my heart goes out with longing, I am wanting all to know
The beautiful life of Jesus some better from what I show.

May they see there's power in Jesus to transform a sinner's life;
To bring joy, and peace, and blessing, where before was only strife;
As I gaze at Thy blessed image, and Thy beauty daily see,
May I grow more like Thee, Saviour, so they glorify God in me.

The Potter and the Clay.

Jeremiah xviii: 2-6.

The potter wrought a work in clay upon his wheel;
He moulded it, and fashioned it, and made it feel
In every part his forming hand, His magic skill;
Until it grew in beauty fair beneath His will.

When lo, through some defect, 'twas marred, and broken lay,
Its fair proportions spoiled, and it but crumbling clay.
Oh wondrous patience, care and love, what did he do?
He stooped and gathered up the parts, and formed anew.

He might have chosen then, a lump of other clay,
On which to show his skill and care another day;
But no, he formed it o'er again, as seemed him good;
And who hath yet his purpose scanned, his will withstood?

Learn thou from this a parable of God's great grace:
Toward the house of Israel His chosen race:
He formed them for His praise, they fell, and grieved Him
sore;
But He will yet restore and bless them evermore.

And what He'll do for Israel, He'll do for thee;
Oh soul, so marred and spoiled by sin, thou yet shalt see
That He has power to restore, He will receive,
And thou shalt know His saving grace—only believe.

Despair not, He will form anew thy shattered life;
And gather up the broken parts, make peace from strife:
Only submit thou to His will of perfect love;
And thou shalt see His fair design in heaven above.

"Thou Shalt See What I Will Do."

Exodus vi: 1.

"Thou shalt see what I will do,"
  If thou trust My love and skill,
Waiting with a childike faith,
  And obedient to My will—
Then I'll work and thou shalt see
Wondrous things are done for thee.

"Thou shalt see what I will do."
  Stop thy striving, child of love;
Looking not at things about thee,
  But at those which are above:
There's no help in aught below—
All good things My hands bestow.

"Thou shalt see what I will do,"
  Far above thy plan and thought,
Till with gratitude thou say:
  See for me what God hath wrought!
I have waited on the Lord,
And He kept for me His word.

"Thou shalt see what I will do."
  I've a purpose for thy life;
Lo, I planned it long ago;
  Trust it to Me, cease thy strife,
'Tis the wisest and the best,
  Leave it to Me, child, and rest.

Lord, I now confess with shame
  That I've acted as if I
Held the reins of government,
  Held my future destiny,
As if I had skill and might,
And could order aught aright.

Teach me, help me, so to walk,
  Meekly waiting on Thy power,
Seeing in my daily life
  Thine appointment every hour—
Knowing that Thou wilt fulfill
In Thy child Thy blessed will.

"There They Dwelt With the King for His Work."

1 Chronicles iv: 23.

Where the paths sometimes were thorny and the service lowly, too,
Amid surroundings uncongenial, *there* He gave them work to do:
But they with the King were dwelling, and it was His voice they heard,
Bidding them to labor for Him, so they gladly kept His word.

It was joy to have His presence, it was fellowship most true,
'Twas an honor and a privilege that He gave them aught to do;
'Twas His work, not theirs, therefore they had only to abide,
Listening to Him, ever keeping closely by their Master's side.

May we ever, Lord, remember that we, too, work for a King;
Teach us how to dwell close by Thee, seeing Thee in everything;
Teach us, since the work is Thine, Lord, that we need not fret, but rest;
Letting Thee accomplish through us what Thou seest is the best.

We will make the saddest bungle if we strive to work alone,
So we seek for Thy direction, asking that Thy way be shown;
May the plan and the performance be according to Thy will,
May we be entirely subject, and our hearts be very still.

Thou art King; all power and riches are Thine own, Thou blessed Lord;
If we work as Thou directest, we are sure Thou wilt reward:
Burn not Thou like wood, hay, stubble, that which we have wrought, we pray,
But like gold untouched, enduring, may it all appear some day.

Then when evening shadows lengthen at the setting of the sun,
Thou wilt say to us, Thy children, "Come ye faithful ones, well done;"
I've a throne and rest remaining, and a bright crown for thy brow;
Come, I will reward thy service: to My palace enter thou.

The Beauty of the Lord.

Psalm xxvii: 4.

Let me ever dwell with Thee, Lord, that I may Thy beauty see;
For Thou art of all the fairest, oh, reveal Thyself to me:
Show me something of Thy goodness, show me something of Thy grace;
Let me see God's glory shining, blessed Saviour, in Thy face.

There is much of glint and splendor, earthly beauty, pomp and show,
Which attracts the gaze of many—I would rather Jesus know.
Looking at Thy matchless beauty, other things I cannot see;
For earth's fairest is as nothing to the loveliness in Thee.

Soon my eyes shall see Thy beauty, as I cannot see Thee now;
Then with joy and adoration I before Thy feet shall bow:
But I long, amid life's tumult, and its bustle and its din,
Just by faith to catch a foretaste of Thy image, free from sin.

Nothing else can fill my longings, though the best on earth may try;
There is nought within, around me, that can ever satisfy:
Thou alone of all art worthy, so I turn from all to Thee;
Blessed Master, by Thy Spirit manifest Thyself to me.

The Right Way.

Psalm cvii: 4-7.

He led them by the right way unto His promised rest;
From out the dreary wilderness, where they were sore distressed;
Hungry and thirsty, fainting, too, they found no city there
Wherein to dwell ,and oft it seemed they lacked His tender care;
Then, when they cried unto the Lord, He saved them from distress;
And led them by the right way, the way which He saw best.

He leads us by the right way, as He led those of old;
Perhaps through trials many, and dangers manifold;
We find no earthly city where we would fain abide;
Earth's flowers and joys are fading, we are not satisfied:
But He is surely leading, we trust His tender love;
He's leading us the right way, unto His home above.

His ways are always right ways, we may not see them so;
Things look so different up in heaven from what they do below:
There, in our Father's dwelling, His ways look bright and fair;
He sees our steps are guarded well, and watched with tenderest care;
'Tis only here that things look dark, up there 'tis always light;
For all God's paths are mercy, and all His ways are right.

"Take Heed and Be Quiet."

Isaiah vii: 4.

"Take heed and be quiet," for God has control
Of all things that try thee, and harass thy soul;
Are enemies lively, are cares pressing sore?
"Fear not," since to Him thou belong evermore.
Thy cross may grow heavier and troubles increase,
If only thou trust Him, He'll give thee His peace;
In the midst of thy sorrows, He'll cause thee to see,
Whatever thy burden, 'tis His will for thee.

"Take heed and be quiet;" thy Father knows best
The way He should lead thee, to cause thee to rest;
Thy dross now is burning, the gold to refine,
Which after the fire the brighter will shine:
The Potter is moulding the vessel of clay,
He knoweth what process will form it *His* way;
His design is th' wisest and best that could be,
Submit to His will, and His love thou shalt see.

"Take heed and be quiet." How often we miss,
In earth's bustle and turmoil, God's peace and His bliss,
His message of mercy, the smile of His face,
His strength and His solace, His much-needed grace.
Be quiet within, so the Spirit can speak,
His voice in the stillness is heard by the meek;
As the voices of earth die away on the ear,
The music of heaven instead thou shalt hear.

"Take heed and be quiet." How often we try,
By *our* striving and doing, our need to supply;
And find that our toiling has all been in vain,
Without the Lord's blessing 'twill yield us no gain.
But if God worketh in us, oh! then we are blest,
And peaceful while active, because He gives rest;
And find as we wait, and we trust while we do,
"God's blessing makes rich, and toil adds not thereto."

Ah! Lord! we are helpless to keep this command,
Thy strength in our weakness makes us understand,
"Work in us Thy pleasure to will and to do,"
And make us as channels Thy grace to pass through.
And since we are sure that soon glory shall shine,
When we shall be clothed with the image divine,
When Jesus our Saviour in triumph shall reign,
May we "take heed, be quiet," the days that remain.

"Thou Crownest the Year With Thy Goodness."

Psalm lxv: 11.

God in goodness now has brought us to the close of one more year;
And recounting all His mercies, we would know no care nor fear.
His the love which has encircled, His the blessings richly given;
His the joy, and peace, and comfort, foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

One year less to work for Jesus from the world to rescue some;
Oh, to be found faithful, watching, occupying, when He come!
With our lamps all trimmed and burning, with our loins girt about,
May we each day live expecting the returning Victor's shout.

One year less of separation from the ones we love so well,
Who are resting now with Jesus 'mid scenes which no tongue can tell;
Oh, how glad they'll be to see us, when at length with joy we meet,
And together praise our Saviour, worshipping before His feet.

One year nearer to the glory, to the great eternal gain,
To the rapture and reunion, when Christ cometh back again;
To the time when, blessed prospect, we shall see Him face to face,
And beholding all His beauty, shall be like Him through His grace.

We are standing on the threshold of another untried year,
Knowing not what it may bring us of affliction, pain or cheer;
But we trust our heavenly Father for what He may have in store,
Knowing He will shield us ever, and that He will go before.

And as we may follow after, we'd remember all the way
Which His patient love has led us, from the first until to-day;
We are His and His forever; may He draw us very near;
Use us more unto His glory, through the coming opening year.

Under the Blood.

Exodus xii.

I am under the blood, forgiven and blest,
'Tis my ground of acceptance, of safety, of rest;
Nought else could redeem me nought else could atone,
The blood of the Saviour hath power alone,
And I read with rejoicing God's message so true,
"When I see the blood I will pass over you."

I know I'm unworthy, but blest be His name,
He sees but the blood, not my guilt nor my shame;
And 'tis that *He sees it,* and not that I see,
The blood that is sprinkled and answers for me;
It covers me over, it cleanses from sin,
And makes me so white, and so spotless within.

I am under the blood, outside there is death,
Some seem fair and good, but the blast of God's breath
Will wither the fairest, and smite all the best
That seek not the shelter of blood—this is the test—
When the judgments of God are abroad in the land,
Then who found so perfect that he dare to stand.

Ah, yes; there is merit alone in the blood,
By it we have boldness and access to God,
And fellowship sweet; an inheritance given,
Unsullied by sin, and reserved up in heaven;
For such wonderful grace and such mercy we praise,
And will ever adore Him the rest of our days.

And when we shall sing with the glorified throng,
The theme of our praises, the theme of our song,
Will be "worthy art Thou who for sinners hast died,
The blest Lamb of God on the cross crucified;
For Thou hast redeemed us by Thy precious blood,
And made us to be kings and priests unto God."

Union With Christ.

"Crucified together, quickened together, raised together, seated together, heirs together, suffering together, and glorified together with Christ," Gal. ii: 20; Col. ii: 13; Eph. ii: 6; Romans viii: 17.

Wonderful! glorious! past comprehension!
  I, so unworthy, once ruined and lost,
Am now *one with Christ,* through His grace and His mercy,
  Purchased by blood, at an infinite cost.
In the Beloved accepted, forgiven,
  God, looking at me, sees only His Son;
That blessed One, who, for me, has been smitten,
  And not what I, a poor siner, have done.

I have been *crucified with my Redeemer,*
  So I am dead to the law and to sin;
We have been *quickened together,* forever,
  So I am bearing the new life within:
Risen with Christ, yea, and *sitting together,*
  With my Beloved in places above;
So doth the Father behold me forever—
  Oh! how amazing, what wonderful love!

Suffering together in fellowship holy,
  Sharing His sorrows, His treatment, His shame;
Though man despise me because I am lowly,
  Mine is an honor which no one can name.
I am an heir to all treasures immortal,
  Heir to the Father, *joint heir with the Son;*
And just beyond, where I stand on the portal,
  I shall reign with Him, because we are one.

Glorified with Him, forever and ever,
  Oh, what a future in store through His grace!
Naught from His love can my soul ever sever,
  I shall be like Him when I see His face.
Lord, grant that now I may faithfully serve Thee,
  Since I am one with Thee, help me, I pray;
That by my life, and my words, I may praise Thee,
  And may exalt Thee, dear Saviour, each day.

"Underneath Are the Everlasting Arms."

Deuteronomy xxxiii: 27.

Cradled like a helpless infant on its tender mother's breast,
The Eternal God thy refuge, how secure and truly blest!
Nestle closer to His bosom, rest secure from all that harms;
Fear thou not, for underneath thee are the everlasting arms.

Thou art dwelling 'midst temptations: foes and hindrances are nigh:
But we sure that watching, guarding, is the never-sleeping eye.
Does the Devil roar, distress thee, fill thy soul with vague alarms?
Thou canst never fall, for 'neath thee are the everlasting arms.

Art thou seeking human friendship, approbation, care or love?
They are sweet, but how much sweeter is that brooding care above!
Does the world attract, allure thee with its subtle deadly charms?
Nothing else can satisfy thee, save the everlasting arms.

So while dwelling 'midst the shadows of this changing, earthly life,
'Midst its sorrows and temptations, 'midst its dangers and its strife:
The Eternal God thy refuge, thou art safe from all that harms,
Blest and loved, for underneath thee are the everlasting arms.

"Waiting for the Redemption of Our Body."

Romans viii: 23.

Our bodies, as well as our souls, have been ransomed,
  Christ paid for their purchase on Calvary's tree;
And we are but waiting our manifestation,
  When He shall give to us our full liberty:
When it shall be shown that death cannot hold us,
  When it shall be shown that the grave has no might;
That sickness and sorrow can nevermore touch us,
  In that beautiful morning just after this night.

Meanwhile, we are waiting with suffering bodies,
  Weak often from sickness, and tortured with pain;
And we groan as we wait for our blessed Redeemer,
  Who so surely, so quickly is coming again:
Meanwhile we are children but not yet attaining
  To all of our privileges, heirship and power;
We wait for the time of our full revelation,
  As sons and joint heirs with our Lord in that hour.

Oh! glorious hope of the first resurrection,
  Of bodies redeemed and made perfectly free
From infirmity, weariness, sickness and sorrow,
  And fashioned in all things, blest Saviour, to Thee.
Our bodies of humiliation are transient,
  The bodies of glory which then we shall wear
Shall be sinless and perfect, eternal, undying,
  With marvellous powers and gloriously fair.

Since we have a future so wondrous, so glorious,
  Can we not endure and patiently wait?
Rejoicing in hope that the trials we are suffering
  Will only work for us a glory more great.
Yes, there is a crown and a kingdom before us,
  'Tis only a little while, then we shall see
The rapture, the glory, the endless blessing,
  Of being, dear Saviour, blest Saviour, like Thee.

"We Are His Witnesses."

Acts v: 32.

It is ours to tell the story of God's free, abounding grace,
Of His mercy and compassion, to our sorrowing, sinning race.
Ours to tell how He has sought us and redeemed us by His blood,
For we've tasted of His goodness, and we've known the things of God.

It is ours to tell the story. If we're silent, who will tell
How the Lord of life and glory died to rescue man from hell?
He has saved us; we can witness what His grace and power can do:
So in earnestness we ask you, oh! will you not trust Him too?

It is ours to tell the story, for the many know it not,
And it may be those who've heard it have so easily forgot;
And the world so sorely needs Him—'twas for all mankind He died.
Quickly let us give the message of the Saviour crucified.

Give it to the hungry millions who in heathen lands to-day
Famish for the great salvation, while we fail His word to obey;
Give it to our friends and neighbors, give it daily as we go,
As the Spirit shall direct us, and the fruit sometime we'll know.

It is ours to tell the story. Some will mock, while some will hear.
Still, may we repeat it ever, that sweet story, old and dear;
For 'tis ours to bear the tidings, while 'tis God's to bless the seed,
And no word is void of power which He speaks through us indeed.

"Whose I Am and Whom I Serve."

Acts xxvii: 23.

I am Thine, redeemed and purchased by Thine ever precious blood,
Once afar, but now accepted, justified, made nigh to God;
Gladly do I own Thy Lordship, yielding all without reserve,
For Thou art my own dear Saviour, "whose I am and whom I serve.

I am Thine, with joy I say it, looking in Thy blessed face,
Praising Thee for all Thy goodness and for Thine exceeding grace;
In myself I'm worse than nothing, and I nought of good deserve,
Yet Thou lovest me, dear Master, "whose I am and whom I serve."

Thine in joy and Thine in sorrow, Thine in pleasure and in pain,
Thine because I love Thy service, not for any hope of gain;
Thine entirely, Thine forever, since I'm Thine Thou wilt preserve,
Guard and shield, and lead, and teach me, "whose I am and whom I serve."

Since I'm Thine, no ill can touch me, nought of harm can reach Thy child,
Though the tempest rage around me, though the waves and wind be wild;
Sheltered in Thy loving bosom, facing all with steady nerve—
"Be of good cheer, fear not," saith He "whom I am and whom I serve."

Serving Thee without compulsion, but from gratitude and choice,
Following Thy every footstep, listening to Thy gentle voice;
Thus, O Lord, I would obey Thee, never from Thy precepts swerve,
Live to please and glorify thee, "whose I am and whom I serve."

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With Him in Glory.

Colossians iii: 4.

With Him in glory, oh! wonderful word!
Eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard,
Mind hath not fathomed the future in store,
Reserved for the children of God evermore.
With Him in glory! I love to repeat
These words which to me are so true and so sweet;
True, for God says them, and He cannot lie;
Sweet, as revealing the sweet "bye-and-bye."

With Him in glory, beholding His face;
With Him in glory, through wondrous grace;
Perfect and satisfied, reigning in bliss,
Oh! could there be anything higher than this?
All suffering over, all failure, all sin,
Made like Him forever without and within,
A body made perfect, a spirit set free,
And I with Him reigning eternally.

I shall be with Him, my Saviour, so dear;
With Him in glory, when He shall appear;
Now I'm one with Him in suffering below,
But then I'll share with Him His glory, I know.
He is my life, I am hidden in Him,
Safe from the power of death and of sin:
Life everlasting is mine, praise the Lord!
I'm resting in peace on His own settled word.

With Him in glory! And since it may be
That soon He is coming for you and for me,
Oh! let us be ready and waiting to greet
Our blessed Redeemer, and bow at His feet.
With Him in glory! If such be our hope,
A future so wondrous in prospect and scope,
Then may we walk worthy of Him every day,
And nevermore grieve Him and nevermore stray.

"What Seek Ye?"

John i: 38.

What seek ye? Earth's glory, or favor, or pleasure,
  The things which attract by their glitter and show,
The wordling's power, his ease or his treasure,
  Which th' god of this world can most fully bestow?
The many are seeking the things which will perish,
  And few care for those which will not pass away.
My friend, let me earnestly ask you the question—
  What is your ambition, what seek ye to-day?

What seek ye? The Saviour is beckoning onward,
  He offers a kingdom, a crown, and a throne;
But th' way to attain them lies often through sorrow,
  While th' cross and th' path to be trod are His own—
Are you willing to follow wherever He leadeth?
  Do you seek but the things which His favor can give,
If so, you will find at the end of the journey
  That by dying to self, you most truly do live.

What seek ye? To dwell with the King for His pleasure,
  To follow His precepts, to do but His will;
To seek His approval, His smile, and His favor,
  And then to wait on Him obedient and still?
If so, you may not gain the world's commendation,
  But His grace and His blessing are richer, my friend;
E'en now in this life you may taste His abundance,
  Then yonder the glory that knoweth no end.

Two paths are before you, which one will you follow?
  The one which leads upward to treasures on high,
Or the one which looks pleasant, alluring, attractive,
  But leads to the things which must perish and die?
Two paths lie before you, and you have the choosing—
  Oh! pause and consider, choose wisely, I pray!
The things of eternity claim your attention:
  All others are fleeting—what seek ye to-day?

"We Would See Jesus."

John xii: 21.

We would see Jesus; the things here below,
Sordid and sinful, oft trouble us so.
We would not see them, but looking above,
Trace in all workings the plan of His love—
Like a fluttering bird from its cage we would soar,
And bask in the sunshine of heaven evermore:
We would see Jesus, and no one beside,
As Saviour, Example, and Brother, and Guide.

We would see Jesus, so wondrously fair,
Nothing in beauty can with Him compare;
Perfect and glorious, yet tender and kind,
Where are such justice and mercy combined?
Nothing of earth, or its pleasure, or fame,
Is to us sweet as the sound of His name;
Nothing on earth can so well satisfy,
No one so faithful on whom to rely.

We would see Jesus by faith ev'ry day,
Walking with Him as He leads us the way,
Realizing ever that just by our side,
Is His dear presence to cheer us and guide;
That we can never henceforth be alone,
That He knows ev'ry joy, and He hears ev'ry moan;
Then shall His smile be our light and our peace,
Our joy and our comfort, and strivings shall cease.

We would see Jesus, and looking at Him,
Heaven will draw nearer, and earth will grow dim,
We shall be changed till at length men can trace
Something about us like Jesus in grace;
More of His beauty each day would we bear,
And less of earth's likeness, till glory we share—
Looking no more through a glass sometimes dim,
But gazing unclouded with rapture at Him.

Yes, we shall see Him some day face to face,
And be just like Him through infinite grace;
Having no blemish nor spot in His sight,
But perfect and glorified, walking in light.
It may be soon, and we oft love to think
We may be standing just now on the brink
Of that fathomless ocean of glory in store
For the children of God with their Lord evermore.

Watching the Way.

Nahum ii: 1; Habakkuk ii: 1.

"Watch the way," the Lord is speaking, "watch to hear what He will say;"
Listening to Him and obeying, you can never go astray:
Many voices would attract you, many paths allure your feet;
His the narrow way, but in it, you shall have His promise sweet.

"Watch the way," to know His guidance, "watch to hear what He will say;"
He will always teach you gladly, and your earnest search repay.
Ev'ry happening has a message, ev'ry providence a voice;
If you learn to listen to them you shall know God's will, God's choice.

"Watch the way," 'twill open to you, "watch to hear what He will say;"
You may not be able clearly oft to see but for the day:
But as light, more light, is given, and you follow on to know;
He will teach you by His Spirit all the way that you should go.

"Watch the way," to you untrodden, "watch to hear what He will say;"
Note His will, and when you know it, gladly, cheerfully obey;
For His will is always sweetest though at times it crosses ours;
And His path, though thorns be in it, leads at last to land of flowers.

"I'm the way," says Christ, then watch Him, "watch to hear what He will say;"
He has trod the path you're treading, only follow Him each day.
He has entered into glory, soon you too shall enter in;
For if you tread in His footsteps you shall share His joy with Him.

"Your Work Shall Be Rewarded."

2 Chron. xv: 7.

Are you working 'mid the shadows,
  Where the sunlight does not fall;
Or, perchance, in quiet places,
  Where a hush is over all?
No one sees or knows your labor,
  No one cares for what you do,
No one smiles upon your efforts,
  You a lonely course pursue—
Ah! the Master careth for you,
  You are not forgotten quite;
Wait, "your work shall be rewarded,"
  When the day dawns after night.

Are you fearful lest your labor
  Has been worthless, all in vain?
Do you long to see the harvest,
  And the time of golden grain?
Be content. God knoweth all things;
  If 'twere He who wrought in you,
He'll not fail, but will accomplish
All His pleasure, good and true:
Though your work was so imperfect,
  If you did His glory seek,
"Then be sure 'twill be rewarded,
  And let not your hands be weak."

Do your tasks seem very lowly,
  Homely duties day by day;
Scarcely worthy of God's notice,
  Yet they're all along your way?
If you're patient in the little,
  And are faithful in the few;
Doing all things, howe'er humble,
  Unto Him who died for you:
Be ye sure His eye is on you,
  He is watching from on high;
"And your work shall be rewarded,"
  In the morning, bye and bye.

Yes, a happy morning cometh,
  Blessed time of recompense,
When our Lord will come to claim us;
  When with joy He'll take us hence.
Then for all our earthly service
  We'll receive a sure reward;
Crowns are waiting for the faithful,
Those who've followed here their Lord;
And we'll be surprised, delighted,
  At His goodness, then made known.
"For our work shall be rewarded,"
  And we'll reap what here we've sown.

"Your Heavenly Father Knoweth."

Matthew vi: 8, 32.

Your heavenly Father knoweth just what things you have to bear,
The daily disappointments, and the daily cross and care;
The trials and temptations, and the failures and the sin,
And He has the needed succor that will help you e'er to win.

Your heavenly Father knoweth; no one else could know you so.
And it is a thought to comfort that 'tis He alone doth know.
He knew e'er He sought you: still He loved you and doth love,
And He never will forsake you till He brings you home above.

Your heavenly Father knoweth everything before you tell;
Yet He loves to have you ask Him, and to give to you so well:
His heart is full of pity, and His ears are open wide,
While He says, "Come, child, I'm listening: will you not in Me confide?"

Yes, He is a loving Father, and 'tis just because He knows
What is needed for your training, and your life is what He chose,
That He tests you, and He tries you, as to Him may seem the best,
Because He is your Father, in His love and wisdom rest.

Have you need of help or comfort? Do you ask for Friend or Guide?
You may not always feel it, yet He's ever by your side.
He is a loving Father—oh, to know Him more and more;
And to trust His perfect leadings, as we've never done before.

To remember every morning to commit to Him the day,
Then accept whatever cometh as His perfect will and way:
Believing that He's listening, and will answer to our call,
Because He is *our Father*, has all power and knoweth all.

Yield Yourselves Unto God.

Romans vi: 13.

Yield unto God your life, that He may live His life in you;
May mould and fashion as He please, and work to will and do.
God has a plan of life for you—none else can it fulfill;
It is the best that He can do: His good and perfect will.

Say unto Him in simple trust: I do not understand,
But Thou art wise, and good, and true: dear Master, take my hand,
Lead Thou the way for me to go, accomplish all Thy will;
Work out in me Thy purposes, and teach me to be still.

And you will be surprised to find how He will bless and use,
If you will let Him do it all, if you will let Him choose.
He seeketh not the strong and great through whom to show His might,
The vessel may be humble clay, not valued in man's sight.

It may be insignificant, it may be frail and weak,
Through such God will be glorified, 'tis such that He doth seek.
Then yield yourself to God and prove what He can do through you;
How He can beautify and cleanse, and to His will subdue.

"Your Life is Hid With Christ in God."

Colossians iii: 3, 4.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God," 'tis ordered, seen and planned,
By Him of whom we elsewhere read, "My times are in Thy hand:"
You would not have it otherwise, because God knoweth best,
So in His ever blessed will lie satisfied and rest.
And since you know He orders all, look up with perfect trust,
Knowing that He is merciful, knowing that He is just;
That while He gave this earthly life, He'll care for it each day.
And there's another higher life of which we well may say—

"Your life is hid with Christ in God." How perfectly secure,
How garrisoned by love Divine, from harm and ill how sure,
Stronger than wall of fire or flood is God's Almighty arm.
And 'neath the shelter of His wings, what con molest or harm?
Eternal life is God's own gift, given through His dear Son,
"He that hath Him hath life," and we with Him fore'er are one:
Death canot touch this life Divine; our earthly life may cease.
Yet since He lives, we, too, shall live, so we have perfect peace.

Christ is our Life, and so we read, when Christ our life appear,
With Him in glory we'll be seen. Oh! wondrous words of cheer!
How can we fear with hope so bright, such blessed things in store?
We may not understand them all, we humbly praise, adore—
And say again the words we may not fully comprehend:
"Your life is hid with Christ in God"—like Him, it hath no end.
So when the enemy reviles and dangers threaten sore,
We'll look unto our Life, in Him we're safe forevermore.

"Yet Will I Rejoice in the Lord."

Habakkuk iii: 17, 19.

Although the fig tree shall not bloom, nor fruit the vines shall yield;
The labor of the olive fail, and barren be the field:
Though cut off from the fold, the flock, and empty be the stall;
Yet, I will joy in God my Lord, my Strength, my Help, my All.

In God I ever will rejoice, through Him salvation's given;
He is my comfort here below, my only hope of heaven:
And looking up from things of earth, that trouble here awhile;
I'll catch the radiance of His face, the beauty of His smile.

The valley may be dark and cold, the mountain top is light;
So I will climb above the mists, to where 'tis always bright;
And thus I'll gain a better view, of that blest home of peace;
The other country just beyond, where pain and care shall cease.

For He will make my stumbling feet, like those of mountain deer,
That safely tread the highest parts, secure though danger's near:
I had not climbed the rugged steeps, unless the vale below
Had been deprived of joy and light, that upward I might go.

Yes, I will still rejoice in God, His righteousness and power;
His wisdom, truth and purity, His grace to me each hour;
His faithful and unchanging love, His patient, tender care;
He's altogether lovely, and of all the one most fair.